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The TATLER

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London, February 26, 1930

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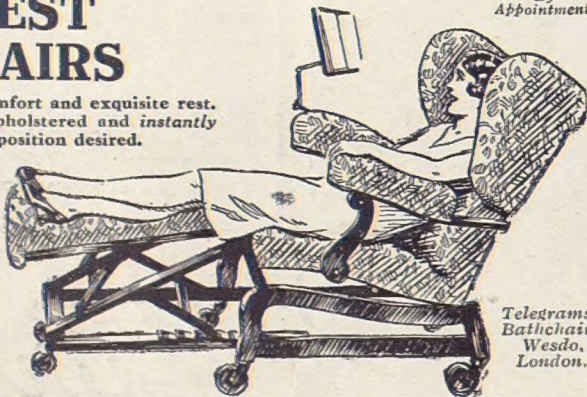
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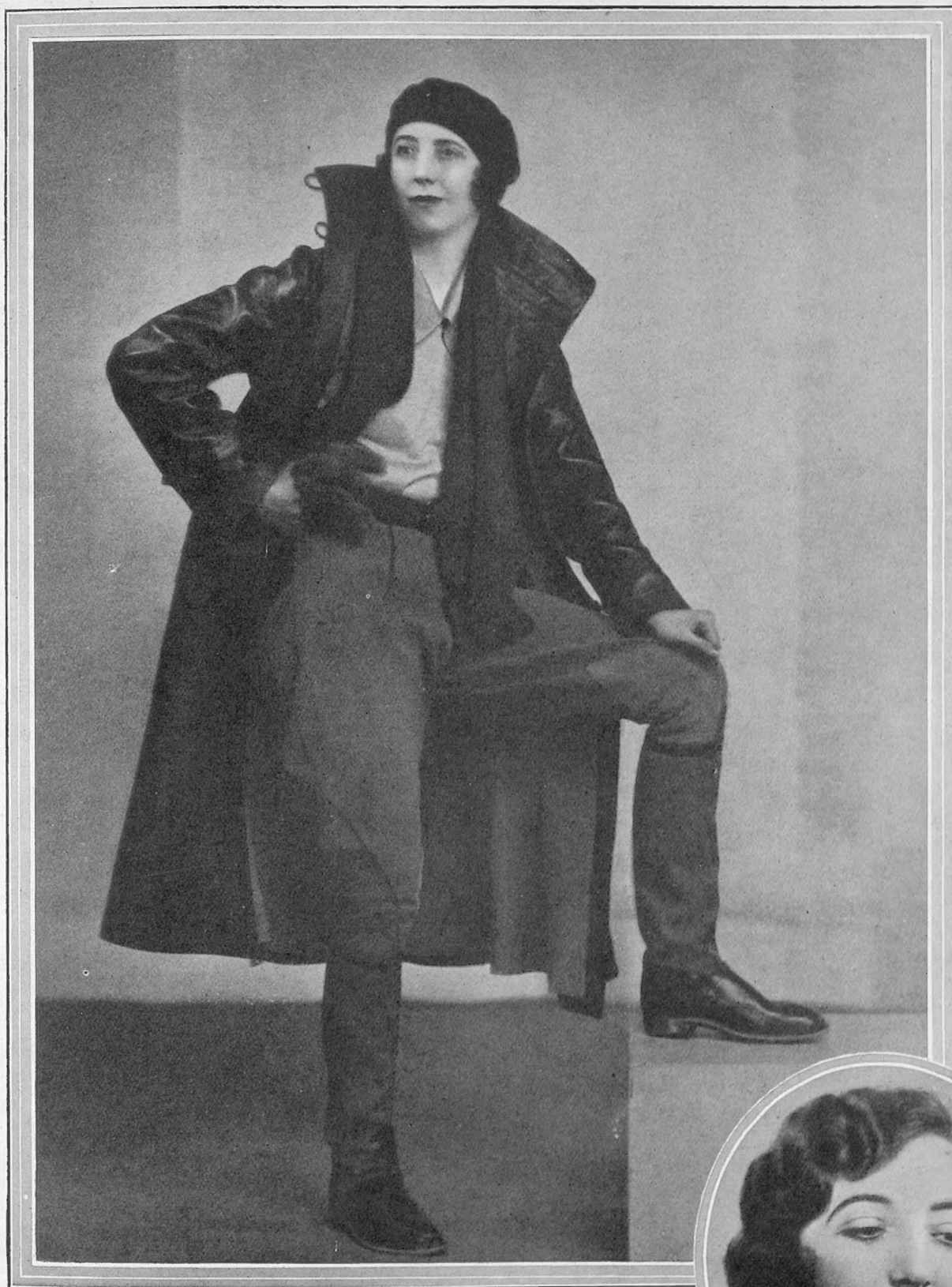
The TATTLER

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London, February 26, 1930

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Price One Shilling.



ROSITA FORBES (MRS. A. T. McGRATH)

The latest pictures of the famous authoress and traveller who starts on March 2 for Moscow en route for the Caucasian Republics, Iraq, Anatolia, and Persia, where she hopes to visit some of the Moslem cities, ending with a visit to her old friend, the Shiekh of the Jebel Druses. Rosita Forbes has been travelling to the little-visited spots of this earth since 1920—and even before—but in that year she made an expedition to Kufara in Lybia, which had remained unvisited by Europeans since Rohlf's unsuccessful one in 1879. As a result of Rosita Forbes' present adventure it is not very difficult to predict yet another interesting book

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding



MR. AND LADY JOAN PEAKE AND MRS. FORBES-ADAMS
At the Sewell-Lutyens wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of which another picture appears on this page. Lady Joan Peake is a half-sister of the Earl of Essex

D EAREST,—Governmentally and politically things seem rather less satisfactory even than they were last week when I wrote to you. In fact Mr. MacDonald and his Ministers are apparently beset with every kind of trouble. Something of a contretemps in the Naval Conference, which begins to look like being a permanent institution. The problem of unemployment, which increases instead of diminishing, and various other internal upsets. What to do about Russia? And the birth of Lord Beaverbrook's new party. And the continued talk about a General Election to take place, if not in the spring, then at latest in the early autumn. So very shattering for those who have to shoulder the responsibility and carry on instead of merely criticising other people trying to do the same.

Lord and Lady Clarendon will be badly missed when they go off at the end of this year to take up the new appointment in South Africa. For they have an enormous number of real friends though they go about comparatively little, and prefer to live rather quietly at Pitt House, their delightful place in Hampstead. Their elder son, Lord Hyde, is now in India, where he went as pioneer of the



SIR EDWIN AND LADY LUTYENS
At the wedding of their youngest daughter, Edith, last week, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. Anthony Sewell. Sir Edwin Lutyens is the architect of New Delhi amongst many other notable achievements

The Letters of Eve



MISS BETTY TOWLE

Curling on the rink at Gleneagles Hotel, and appropriately dressed for the "Heilan's" in everything almost except the sporran and skein dhu!

contingent of public schoolboys out to see the Empire. Lady Joan Villiers, their only daughter, has just come back from Canada, where she has been staying since last autumn, and has already started on a month's visit to Malta. She is an attractive person, tall and dark, with great charm and a dignity that is rather unusual nowadays. She is looking forward to spending six months of each of the next few years in England and the other six in South Africa.

Poor Princess Ileana. Her romance has been shattered very quickly. At one time there seemed some doubt as to whether her engagement to the good-looking Count Hochberg, son of Daisy, Princess of Pless, was absolutely broken off or merely put off for the time. But apparently it is definitely off. It seems specially hard that the decision of the country was kept from her until he left Rumania and she was starting off, with her mother, on a visit to Egypt. However, she may find some consolation in reading her mother's autobiography, which we shall all be deep in in a few days. For Queen Marie is a beauty and a great personality, and she is a very courageous woman, so that her book ought to be

wonderfully absorbing. That country seems to have a good many English visitors this season, though not quite so many perhaps as last year and the year before. Lord and Lady Carson have just gone out to spend the rest of the winter there. Sir Ian Malcolm and Lord and Lady Forester have been there for some days, and Lord and Lady Brentford are now making a trip up the White Nile. One of the prettiest and most admired of the girls is Lady Betty Butler, the Duchess of Sutherland's younger sister.

After the recent deluge of sudden marriages and engagements, last week was almost uneventful in the romantic sense. Except for the announcement of the engagement between Mr. Dennis Stucley and Lord and Lady Cromer's elder girl, Lady Rosemary Baring, and the wedding on Thursday when the Duke of Westminster and Miss Loelia Ponsonby were married. Some of the presents that she had would tempt the greatest saint to break the Tenth Commandment. But now that they are married one hopes that they may be given a little peace and privacy after the glare of publicity they have endured during the last few weeks. The same hope applies to Lady Seafeld and her husband, who got back from their Paris honeymoon at the beginning of last week. So having waved good-bye to the Duke and his new Duchess as they made their picturesque departure down the Thames on the *Cutty Sark*, we will let them depart in peace. Except, perhaps, just to congratulate them on the way it was all done—the reception on the yacht, so that it was the guests who had to make the departure, leaving the bridal couple to sail away in the real romantic tradition of bygone days. It is surely quite the best thing

that has been done for years, even in such a time of competition when everyone is trying to outdo everyone else in originality.



THE WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY SEWELL

The wedding group taken at the reception after the ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was Miss Edith Lutyens, the youngest daughter of Sir Edwin and Lady Emily Lutyens, and the bridegroom the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. B. Sewell. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by Master John, Master Peter, and Master Billy Wallace, and the Hon. Matthew Ridley (her nephews), Master Timothy Jones, Miss Nancy Jean Leslie (niece of the bridegroom), and Miss Laurian Jones. Lieut.-Colonel Sewell, the bridegroom's brother, was the best man

There is nothing original, at the moment, in going away. For every other person that one meets seems pre-occupied with that idea. Many have departed during the last day or two. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten are already in the States, as they sailed a week ago and will spend a few days in New York before going through to California—a four or five days' train journey. But Lady Louis is a pretty seasoned traveller by now, being about next in order of nobility to the Duke of Westminster, who must surely stand unchallenged at the top of the list! Lady Louis' cousin, Lady Brecknock, and Lord Brecknock sailed for America in the same boat. So did Lord and Lady Glenapp. And Lord and Lady Bute have gone off for several months to their lovely retreat in the South of Spain, while Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, the Commodore of the R.Y.S., has already started off on his Mediterranean cruise, taking his son-in-law, Sir Harry Mainwaring, with him. Sir Richard's beautiful yacht *Andria*, is run exactly as though it were a ship in the King's Navy.

Talking of yachting and yachtsmen, Mr. Lee Guinness and his party on board his motor yacht, *Migrant*, have been for the last month cruising about off the coast of West Africa.

The party consists of Mr. Lee Guinness and his very pretty wife, her lovely sister, Mrs. Robert Lorraine, Lady Lathom, Colonel Millard, and Mr. Bernard Rubin, the racing motorist. They have been having some wonderful sport, fishing and shooting, and went about 150 miles up the Gambia River. Lady Lathom distinguished herself by catching a 64-lb. courbive off Cape Blanco. The fish reached up to her shoulder. But the real thrill appears to have been the crocodile



MISS JOAN LORING AND LORD ACHESON

Also at the Cambridge University Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Cottenham last week, which were a good success both days—fine weather, good fields, and a lot of hard punching. Lord Acheson is the Earl of Gosford's son and heir by his first marriage and was nineteen last month



MR. CHRISTOPHER JEFFREYS, LADY ROSEMARY AGAR, AND LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG-THOMAS

At the Cambridge University Point-to-Point at Cottenham last week. Mr. Jeffreys and Lady Rosemary Agar, who is Lord and Lady Normanton's youngest daughter, are engaged. Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas is an elder sister of Lady Rosemary Agar

(Cont. on p. 372)



Dorothy Wilding
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ERROLL

A picture taken just after their wedding, which took place on February 8. Lady Erroll was formerly Mrs. Ramsey Hill. Lord Erroll is Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland and succeeded to the title in 1928

national Motor-Boat Trophy next summer and incidentally becoming the record holder on sea as well as on land. And the new partnership, just revealed, between Miss Dorothy Paget and Captain Birkin, the hero of so many driving exploits last year, should be an enormous help to the famous British Bentley team. Miss Paget, the younger of Lord Queenborough's daughters by his first wife, is reputed, quite correctly I believe, to be even more blessed with this world's goods than her sister, Mrs. Wilson Filmer, who bought Leeds Castle, and restored and modernised and furnished it at such enormous cost. They inherited their fortunes from their mother, who was an American. Mrs. Filmer, by the way, has just taken Lady Blandford's house in Hill Street for a few weeks.

Perhaps the necessity for some soothing influence in these days of political vexatiousness accounts for the number of musical parties which have been given just lately. Quite an unusual number, really, considering that this is February, and so few people, with the exception of a few mammas with daughters about to be launched into the world, trouble to do much entertaining at this time of the year. I speak of the more sober kind of entertaining of course. Not the entertaining indulged in by Evelyn Waugh's type of heroes and heroines, who like some kind of a party every night of the week. Which reminds me of a specially wild party which happened the other night. The names of the two young hosts are obviously better suppressed. Poor dears they were a little abashed themselves. But having come home from some small cinema somewhat disappointed with the Clara

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

shooting in some of the creeks. Mr. Guinness and Mr. Rubin got a real giant, 15½ ft. long, and weighing over 900 lb. When it was cut open the gruesome sight of human bones and a woman's bead necklace and bangles was revealed! The party will be back in England at the end of the month. What a tragic home-coming for Lady Lathom.

Our racing motorists and speed kings seem very active at the moment. This very day Mr. Kaye Don is sailing for America with the idea of breaking Sir Harry Segrave's record on Daytona Beach. And Sir Harry himself is concentrating on the idea of bringing off a double event by recapturing the Inter-

Bow film version of *The Wild Party*, which had no resemblance to the famous poem, we were almost alarmed by the real life version.

But to return to the musical parties. The great Suggia, Frau Elizabeth Schumann, and Mademoiselle Madeleine Grey at three private parties within a week. The first at Mr. and Mrs. Bossom's house in Carlton Gardens, the last at Mr. and Mrs. Roy Faulkner's little house in Chelsea, and the delightful German lieder singer at the Austrian Minister's. Madame Suggia looked magnificent in a velvet dress of that particular shade of red which we have come to associate with her, mainly, of course, because of the deep impression which Augustus John's portrait made on the minds of all of us. And she was quite at her best in the short pieces by Bach and Ravel. Princess Helena Victoria was Mrs. Bossom's guest of the evening, and others of that silent and enchanted audience included Miss Olga Lynn, Mrs. Frank Braham, who was looking much better after her short rest cure, Lady Beaumont and the Duchess of Atholl.

The bachelor Austrian Minister gives more good musical parties during the year than anyone else in London. For he loves music and he loves entertaining, two facts for which we ought to be extremely grateful. And certainly half the world showed their appreciation of the opportunity of hearing Frau Schumann's so delightful liquid voice. What an artist she is! Princess Helena Victoria was again the guest of honour, and she was surrounded by a very large proportion of the Diplomatic Corps. Among the real music-lovers in the audience I noticed the Duchess of Norfolk, Sir William and Lady Jowett, who brought Mr. Arthur Rubinstein with them, Lady Oxford, Mrs. Ronald Greville, and Mrs. Roland Cubitt.—All my love to you, dearest, your ever, EVE.



LADY SEAFIELD AND MR. DEREK STUDLEY HERBERT

The most recent picture taken after their recent marriage which took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, on January 28. Lady Seafield is a peeress in her own right. The late Earl of Seafield, her father, died of wounds received in action in 1915, and under Scottish law the peerage descended to his only child



THE DUKE AND HIS BRIDE

THE WESTMINSTER WEDDING

It is a long time since a wedding has aroused such a vast public interest as that of the Duke of Westminster to Miss Loelia Ponsonby. Hours before the ceremony was due to take place crowds had gathered outside Prince's Row register office, and it seemed as if all the photographers in London, several of them armed with motion-picture cameras, were there too. Both the bridegroom and the bride, who came with her father, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, were loudly cheered on arrival, and there was a further voicing of public opinion when the Duke and Duchess stepped into the speed-boat which hurried them from Westminster Pier to "Cutty Sark"



ABOARD "CUTTY SARK"

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster on board the Duke's converted torpedo-destroyer, which waited at Deptford to convey them on their yachting honeymoon. The bride's lovely mink coat was one of the Duke's many presents to her



LAUNCHED ON THEIR HONEYMOON

The Cinema : ^{By} JAMES AGATE

Bribery and Corruption

"I HOPE you won't think this is bribery," said a theatre-manager the other day as he offered me a cigar. "I don't mind," I said, "so long as it isn't corruption!"

The whole point about bribery is that it consists of both cause and effect. If there is no effect then the cause becomes innocence itself; in other words there is no harm in taking bribes so long as you are not corrupted by them, because, dear reader, such bribes then merely become gifts. Now I hope I can lay my hand on my heart and swear that like all my colleagues in the theatre I have never been corrupted. But which of us can say that he has never been bribed? I cannot—on the strict understanding that the word "bribe" has the harmless sense given to it above. I still have among my collection of oddities—the sort of collection which Hilary Jesson in Sir Arthur Pinero's play alludes to as his "quaint museum, old ballroom trophies, the blood-stained handkerchief of a matador, the cigarette half-smoked which has been pressed to the lips of an empress"—I still treasure a letter from my good friend, Charles Cochran, written on one of those occasions of dire extremity and collapse which constitute so regular a part of C.B.'s charm. This is the letter:—

Dear James,—I have retrieved two bottles of tolerable champagne from my private room at the Oxford, and three of excellent Burgundy from the back of the stage at the Pavilion. A most dear lord has sent a noble haunch of venison, and I have seen something of a brace of pheasants. There is the nucleus of a feast here, after which the deluge! Will you come? Yours in all weathers.—C. B.

After supper we fell to admiring the treasures of that charming house, and I was lucky enough to spy on the floor, with its face to the wall, a lithograph by Picasso, "The Mountebanks." It was a study in starvation. I took an enormous fancy to it. Then C. B. made a speech. He said, "There are two reasons why I cannot give you that lithograph. The first is that you are a dramatic critic; the second is that the picture is not mine but my wife's. On the other hand, I do not suppose that I shall be producing anything for at least two years, and I am certain that my wife will never forgive me if I fall below her standard in these matters. The picture is yours." And with truly Spanish generosity—for he had just returned from Spain, where, if you admire a man's hat, he will take it off and thrust it into your hands—C. B. pushed the picture under my arm. He would take none of my so feeble denials. This picture now hangs on one of the walls of the den in which I am writing. Beneath it is a case containing Henry Irving's press-cutting scissors and a knife found under Shakespeare's house. These were given me by Seymour Hicks. In my bedroom are two photographs of Irving and Ellen Terry in the actual frames in which they hung for twenty-five years, one on each side of Irving's make-up table at the Lyceum; Irving's dresser gave them to Lady Martin-Harvey who gave them to me. I possess a portrait of Marie Tempest with an inscription which makes it more valuable to me than a frame studded with rubies, and a little tea-table which once belonged to Marie Lloyd. And a lot more little things. As critic for the B.B.C. and through the ether I have received one brace of grouse and, at various times, eleven bottles of cough-mixtures.

Since I have gone into business as a film-critic I have not done so well, the total to date being meagre—to wit, one spirit-flask, one dozen bottles of champagne of a brand and year other than my favourite, one hundred middling cigars, fifty mediocre ditto, and twenty-five ditto which were utterly damnable. And I hereby beg to announce that I am at any time prepared to receive what Lewis Carroll called un-birthday presents. I am contemplating taking a country cottage for the coming summer, if any; and if it pleases Heaven and the film-magnates to rain grand pianos, gramophones, portable garages, tantalus, lawn-mowers, garden-hedge clippers, and other trivia, I shall accept same. At the same time I beg to announce in a slightly louder tone that I have a most convenient memory for forgetting names, that I never know what company is producing what film, and that the effect of the gift or bribe would be to make my judgment a great deal harsher and stricter all round. The silly people who think that critics are affected by bribes never seem to realise this. They do not realise that the critic who criticises the performance of a friend takes excessive care to be rigorous, whereas if the actor in

question is an enemy or a person repugnant to the critic he will take infinite pains to be generous.

The foregoing considerations have been evoked by an article in "The Saturday Review" entitled "Light on the Film Trade," with the subtitle, "Entertaining the Critics." Discussing the dinners which often precede the private show of a film, the writer says: "But in order to bring home more clearly the implications of the banqueting habit in film circles, one must draw a parallel with the theatre and imagine a costly meal being prepared for the dramatic critics, at which, one and all, they

fell to heartily, before approaching, with joyful murmurs, the arduous task of witnessing the play, and the process, still further removed from the cold pheasant, of pronouncing upon it. One may well ask whether such a thing would be tolerated in the English theatre, and whether it is desirable in the cinema." The answer is that such a thing has been tolerated in the theatre, witness Irving's little suppers of cold chicken and champagne which did not, however, make a single critic think or write one ha'porth the better of Irving's *Lear*. The writer in "The Saturday Review" declares further: "There is probably no critic of the films in London who has not at some time reviewed an important picture on an unaccustomed diet of caviare and champagne." My answer is that I personally am completely accustomed to caviare and champagne, and inclined to be sick of both. The whole point is that responsible critics will write responsible criticism however they are treated, and that the writers of film-gossip will in all circumstances write film-gossip. For example, I went to the invitation-view of the Fox film entitled *Happy Days* which is now being presented at the Tivoli. Before the private showing there was a little dinner at the Savoy which would have won acclaim from the most fastidious gourmet and wine-bibber. Yet I have no hesitation in saying that everything which I wrote last week about *Elstree Calling* and the ineffectiveness of photographed revues, applies to *Happy Days*, except that the lighting and dressing were better and that the glamour was laid on more expensively. The connecting story was of the feeblest and the turns in my view completely lacking in entertainment. Finally Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, whom I so adored when they were silent, appeared in a series of thumbnail and audible sketches which at one fell swoop destroyed all my illusions about them and which drove me out of the theatre. "I cannot hate thee worser than I do," said Cleopatra to the Messenger. I could not have hated *Happy Days* more if my dinner had been bread and cheese, which of course it was not.



MISS MONA MARIS

The beautiful young star who is not as sleepy as she is made to look and is playing the lead in a coming production called "One Mad Kiss." Mona Maris was in "Romance of the Rio Grande," which was on at the Capitol in London not long ago

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxii

'VARSITY MEETINGS

The Cambridge University Steeplechases
and the Bullingdon Club Point-to-Point



LORD SOMERTON, LADY NORMANTON,
AND LADY ROSEMARY AGAR AT THE
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 'CHASES



AT COTTENHAM: MR. A. C. HOLDEN COMES TO GRIEF IN
THE STEWARDS CUP. Right—MR. CANHAM ON FALCON



LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR ON THE MOVE
AT STRATTON AUDLEY



LORD STAVORDALE AND LADY ILCHESTER
AT THE BULLINGDON POINT-TO-POINT



Left: UMSLOPOGAAS
GIVES MRS. PEARCE
"AN ABSOLUTE CERT"

Both Oxford and Cambridge were racing between the flags last Wednesday, the former at Stratton Audley, when the Bullingdon Club held its point-to-point meeting, and the latter at Cottenham. The Cambridge 'Chases provided the better going but falls were fairly numerous, and Mr. Leveson-Gower, riding the well-known Handy Andy, was unfortunate enough to break his collar-bone in the opening event. Mr. Holden was none the worse for his spectacular spill at the first fence in the Stewards Cup, and subsequently won the C.U.O.T.C. Hurdle on Mr. Canham's Billy Beck. Lord Somerton was doing host to his mother and sister, Lady Normanton and Lady Rosemary Agar, and they saw him ride a thrilling finish in the Stewards' Cup, in which he was beaten a short head by Mr. K. L. Urquhart, who gained two successes. At Stratton Audley there was some excellent racing, and as usual strong social support. Lord Stavordale, Lord and Lady Ilchester's eldest son, had a ride in the Past and Present Members' race in which Mrs. J. P. Pearce also had a personal interest, her husband being one of the contestants. She is seen here getting a few hints from Umslopogaas, the indefatigable tipster. Lady Cynthia Slessor, in a leather coat and becoming little hat, enjoyed the day exceedingly. Her son, Lord Jersey, has been up at Oxford about two years

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

FROST at Hoby on the Monday and fog at Beeby on the Friday brought rather a welcome respite to hounds and horses which have not had a let-up since the beginning of the season. With the going drying up scent has been poor, and Tuesday with the Cottesmere was just a fair day, with "Sidney" in sole command owing to "James" having to go to America. Wednesday was a trying day for huntsman and hounds, and also for Flash's valet, judging by the appearance of his master's breeches after he had sat off his horse. Peter's black horse would win in an obedience test for Alsations. Refusing into a ditch on the take-off side, he shot his over optimistic rider three-quarters on to a strong and prickly fence, placing him much in the position of the man who wonders whether he should stop with the pole or try to get back to the punt. On the command "Whoa!" he stood like a statue while Peter thumbed his way back off the fence to within snatching distance of his ears, which luckily holding firm enabled him to get a tentative grasp on the first plait in the mane. Just as he was beginning to lay 11 to 10 on himself his second horseman arrived, and seizing him by the bustle, pulled him back into the plate with no further damage than contused hands and fractured braces. The gentleman who, suddenly losing the sight of one eye the day after one of the hunt balls, proclaimed he was suffering from wood alcohol poisoning has withdrawn the statement. He finds he had lost the left glass out of his spectacles.

Answers to Correspondents.

THEORY.—We cannot trace the work. Mad staggers is an equine mental complaint and an unlikely *nom-de-plume*.

GLUNDY (MRS.).—We cannot see that it is charitable to attribute the strangeness you mention to a surfeit of Tchaikowsky's "1812." Anyway, the stuff is unprocurable, and the vintage doesn't lessen the stigma.

LONGLEATHER.—Many husbands prefer your method. They say it doesn't wear the horse's back out always in the same place.

ANXIOUS.—Have no fear. The object of the first half of the tableaux is instruction, not blackmail, and represents exclusively pre-War adepts. Certainly attend, we can all of us learn something!

From the Beaufort

Bradenstoke and Jackaments "B" are out of luck just now. On Wednesday hounds did hunt at Boxwell but soon left the hills for Silkwood. "Out of the saucepan!" The Beaufort Polo Club held their second annual meeting at Ye Olde Bell Inn, and the meeting was unanimously of the opinion that Joe Moore kept a marvellous cellar. No further business was done! "B" Squadron Gloucestershire Yeomanry re-union dinner staged by Frank was a huge success and was a good house-warmer for the Hare and Hounds (we hear it's to have a second soon). The dinner also brought to light hidden talent in musical composition. On Thursday hounds met the Wiltshire Constabulary at Corsham disguised as motor bandits with orders to arrest all commoners riding on the footpath and get a good bag. Rather like "shooting the sitting hen." We hope the Cricklade enjoyed our country on Thursday. We hear our Secretary and Keith were very eloquent at the Malmesbury Farmers' dinner, and had their gyroscopic attachments not run down they could have told lots more! Friday was very foggy but hounds managed to hunt below the hill, although scent was very poor. Everyone was delighted to see Mary Spicer going with her former dash.

H.Q. had a shock seeing the Baron's marriage announced in a local paper. "Oh, but how sudden." All the Saturday foxes

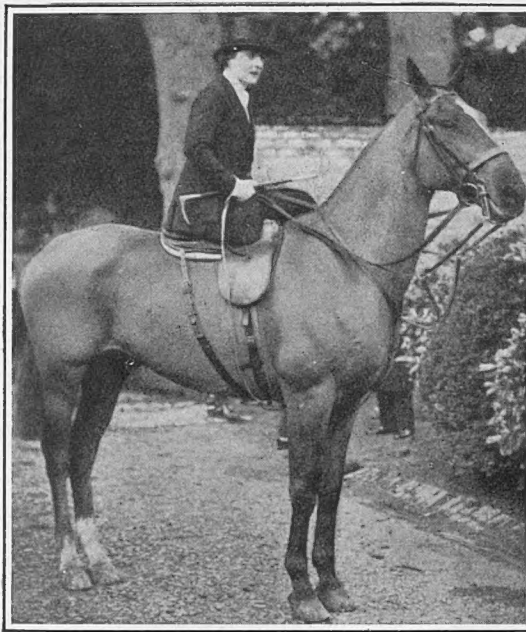
must have been fumigated and re-wound Friday night judging from Saturday's sport. I should have that ditch taken off your map "Verderer."

The Storey family were going great guns, but father's been hitting the ground too often of late. Good fox-hunters are scarce! Her ladyship's breakdown gang were kept busy. A portable jack would have come in most useful. "Buck's Club" are bringing their tent to the point-to-point. Good news for some of the jockeys who may need it before attacking the Cresta Run.

From Warwickshire

A biting wind at Snitterfield on Monday, but the small muster of followers were rewarded with a good hound hunt of ninety minutes from the Bushes, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bitches perform most creditably on a cold and catchy scent. Barcheston Spinney gave of its best next day when hounds met at Sutton-under-Brailes. Pace was good, going likewise, in the fast gallop that followed, and as it was over a veritable piece of God's own country, enjoyment was assured.

"Roman Emperor" ought to be more careful not to lift up his heel against anyone connected with successors in office, while as to the chat flying about *re* motor-cars, take a leaf from her book and don't let it happen again. Nothing went just right at Ladbroke; three foxes were soon afoot in the gorse, but the hunted one was twice badly headed besides being coursed by a cur dog, so it was not surprising that a circular gallop in the direction of Welch Road ended abruptly at Radbourne Spinney. Casualties galore during the day to man and beast, nearly all the leading ladies on the floor, one indeed beneath her horse in a deep and yawning cavity, while the Griffin ("in dexter chief on a field sloppy") was so plastered with mud that his heraldic device was badly obscured. Youth will be served, but "Alas, master, it was borrowed," was no excuse for jumping the poor quad into such obvious wire. The day ended with a splendid hunt quite late in the afternoon; this was of two hours' duration with a point of seven-and-a-half miles. Grief still continued, so small wonder few were there at the finish; what wonderful sport these hounds have shown during the present season.



Arthur Owen

LADY HILLINGDON

At a recent meet of the Grafton of which hounds Lord Hillingdon was Master from 1920 to 1928, Lady Hillingdon was formerly the Hon. Edith Cadogan, one of the beautiful Cadogan sisters, daughters of the late Lord Chelsea

From the Belvoir

Weather has been more wintry during the past week, but fortunately we only missed one day. On Tuesday very scentless conditions prevailed, and although there were plenty of foxes round Ancaster, hounds could never do much good. Scent was again poor on Wednesday when a very large field turned out at Buckminster. A fox from Coston Covert was hunted in a fast ring by Sproxton back to the starting-place, then slowly on to Woodwell Head in the Cottesmore country.

On Friday a dense fog after a severe frost hung about until after one o'clock and the meet had to be abandoned. There was again a big field at Barrowby on Saturday, but a combination of bad foxes and moderate scent did not help sport. The first fox was killed after a ten minutes' hunt from Casthorpe. Next an outlier from Allington was hunted round by the Foston Beck and on by the Keepers, and escaped near Allington. There were two other short hunts for Shipman's and Muston Gorse. Miss Brocklehurst had the misfortune to be ridden into a gate-post by another horse, and hurt her leg rather badly. The week ended with a most cheery dinner party, given by the hunting men at the Angel on Saturday night, when proceedings went with a great swing.

(Continued on p. vi)



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, PRINCE OF MONTENEVOSO

By Autori

A wonderful impression of Italy's great soldier-poet, who was created Prince of Montenevoso in 1924, and is a son of the Duchessa Maria Gallese di Roma. D'Annunzio lives all alone in a beautiful villa called Vittoriale, on Lake Garda, and it is his custom to greet any guest who may come to visit him with a salute of twenty-one rounds from a young cannon kept for such occasions. Autori, the artist, who is visiting the poet after the publication of this picture, has expressed the hope that he will not be greeted by one round—a live one! D'Annunzio was born in 1864 at Pescara, but being an "immortal," naturally he does not look his age



THE HON. MAURICE BARING AND LADY DIANA COOPER

At Waterloo on the arrival of Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper from America where they have been on a short holiday. Two of the Hon. Maurice Baring's most recent literary achievements have been "The Coat Without Seam" and "Fantasio" (a translation), both last year

Out of Due Season.

HOW sad it is that sometimes the greatest tragedies in life are *laughable*! I mean they look ridiculous to everybody other than ourselves. We *know*, too, they look ridiculous, which makes the agony of them worse confounded. Yet for us there is no escape. Try as we will we must live out these tragedies to their peculiarly bitter end. To take only two examples. The shyness, the nervousness, the torturing self-consciousness of youth. Who, having experienced them, would want to live out that part of his life all over again? Very few of us. Until we outgrew those daily terrors life was a torture from which there was no escape. Yet how people smiled at our embarrassment! How many tried to make it more awful still. How few proffered to us the helping hand of sympathy or lent us something of their own courage? And thus it is with the even greater tragedy which seizes on certain lives when people old enough to retire gracefully into the background suddenly fall headlong, desperately, pitifully in love with someone more than half their age. The world has no patience with such idiots! It jeers at them when it is not too disgusted to laugh. It has lots of special epithets for such people, and none of them are complimentary. Always they imagine that the victim of their laughter does not realise the outward ridiculousness of his or her position. They do, alas, they do! Yet renunciation is impossible. Already their heart is half-broken by the fact that more than a score of years intervenes between them and the one with whom they are so hopelessly in love. There is more to the tragedy than that, alas, although that is the main-spring of it. They have only learned what love really means now that they are middle-aged or old. This last absurd infatuation is as if, beginning to drown in the flood of decrepitude, they tried to save themselves by this last straw of what still remains to them of youth. For the tragedy of life sometimes is that the body and the heart do not grow old together.

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The body falls gradually into decay, but the heart refuses thus to renounce all that once made life worth living. It is a tragic impasse. For alas, the mind has no longer its former resilience. It has no longer the strength to force a triumph over the more physical temptations. It protests maybe, but resist it cannot. So the heart breaks itself as a moth dies slowly in the flame it cannot escape. And everyone looking on cries out: "How disgusting!"; "What a damned old fool!"; "She ought to be shot!" You see, people never know what they themselves will be like, what they themselves will do when at last they too approach those dangerous years when Age must indeed say "farewell" to all that love and laughter which was Youth. But then the world has never any pity for what looks outwardly ridiculous. Most people only comprehend sorrow, other than their own, when life has painted that sorrow in the primary colours. They cannot understand any tragic pass which is not accompanied by tears, or lamentation, or the spilling of blood. Alas! however, that some of the most torturing pains of life have to be borne with a laugh, have to be hidden from even our dearest friends, have to be fought and conquered all alone, knowing that no one can possibly come to our aid. It is simply that we have all unconsciously made a complete "hash" of our lives. And oh the long, sad years of happy living which are always wasted, just because we were blind in the first instance to the sad direction whither Desire was taking us on the wings of illusion. It all looked so happy and straightforward at the beginning—always. "Cheri" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), that remarkable novel by that remarkable French writer, Colette, is one of the fiercest studies of such a tragedy which I have

ever read. I write "fierce" intentionally, because Colette is ruthless in her painting of a woman who suddenly finds that she really loves a man young enough to be her son. Poor Léa! She had been a "kept woman" all her life. Love, or the simulation of love, had been her profession. She had succeeded so well that at forty-nine she was rich enough to retire. But alas! love had left her with no other interest in life. Thus it was useless to assert that at her age she ought to take up seriously those interests which, had she been wise, she would have cultivated, in spite of lovers. She hadn't any other interest apart from love. She was that kind of woman. And love at forty-nine is always like playing with fire. She didn't look forty-nine, of course. Massage, beauty-treatments, cosmetics all had done their work successfully. She might have gone on for many years being a successful cocotte had she not fallen in love with Cheri—a vain, handsome, self-engrossed young man of nineteen. For years, however, he was more than just her lover. Mixed up in the woman's passions was a thick stratum of maternity. She was simply giving herself to the boy so that he might not go off the rails altogether. She loved him and she mothered him. The possibility that he might marry later on was all to the good, while of course there was no immediate prospect of such a marriage. She didn't realise until too late how seven years of association can send down terrible roots. Even when such a marriage was arranged, as they are thus arranged in France, it seemed nothing to her, nothing to either of them. Simply a tender good-bye between them, that was all. They would still, of course, remain friends. But love is



"MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH"—IN PARIS!

The latest portrait of Mr. H. G. Wells. Of all contemporary pillars of the world of literature, Mr. H. G. Wells possesses the greatest talent for versatility. Of him it can truly be said that all is fish which comes into his net, and from a book predicting what was going to happen when war in the air became a practical and unpleasant possibility to "The Science of Life," and books which deal deeply with the problem of world peace, nothing appears to defeat Mr. Wells' brilliant and agile brain. His war book concerning the adventures of one Mr. Britling, who hated war, was the subject of a great deal of discussion. Mr. Wells' father was the professional cricketer, Joseph Wells

(Continued on p. 330)

A MELODIC PHRASE

By George Belcher



Lady, listening-in: You won't care about what they're playing now, Mrs. Green—"Ungarian Raspberries, you know, eyebrow music"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

so treacherous. A spark of jealousy, a moment of real loneliness, and what seems to be little more than a platonic tenderness suddenly bursts into the red-hot flame of overwhelming passion. Cheri married; Léa gone away; not until then did they both suddenly realise that they were indispensable to each other. Léa, for her tenderness, her love; Cheri for his youth, for the maternal interest he had become in Léa's life. Yet, when at last they came together, Cheri suddenly realised that Léa was old, really old, undisguisable old. He did not tell her so. Léa read the tragic realisation in his eyes. Beside his young wife she was withered and decayed. Now he could make comparisons. After all he was young. She could not hold him; yet he was all she had. That was her tragedy. Around this slight yet poignant theme Colette has written a remarkable novel. I suppose English prudery prevented it being translated until now. We are happily broader-minded than we were. So here you have this famous story in an excellent translation, and its success ought to be very great. Within her somewhat restricted field, bounded entirely by sex, Colette is a writer of genius. She has wit and an extraordinary insight into the hearts of men, and especially of women, where love and passion are concerned. "Cheri" is one of her most remarkable books.

* * *

A Remarkable Book on Paris.

It seemed especially appropriate that, after reading Colette's vivid story, I should pick up George Slocombe's "Paris in Profile" (The Cayme Press. 12s. 6d.), a book which, so far as my experience goes, is the finest one written on Paris that I have so far read. More than any other writer it seems to me that the author has caught the true genius, the extraordinary attraction of the city, and has translated it into descriptions which at times reach the altitude of real poetry. As all such books should be, Paris is looked at through Mr. Slocombe's eyes as one who remembers her past, the gay, frivolous, brilliant days before Paris had become an annexe to New York, and there was no jazz and no nigger bands, and Montmartre was not a kind of exhibition ground for the vulgarly rich, but a real artists' quarter. So in describing modern Paris for us he weaves into the pattern of his picture a Paris which has passed away, since to understand both, one must remember both. It is a book on Paris seen from an individual angle, but a most effective one. Legends, history, gossip, are all mixed up with personal recollections. As a study which seeks to recapture the true personality, the true genius which is Paris, it is absorbing.

* * *

Here, There, and Most Other Places.

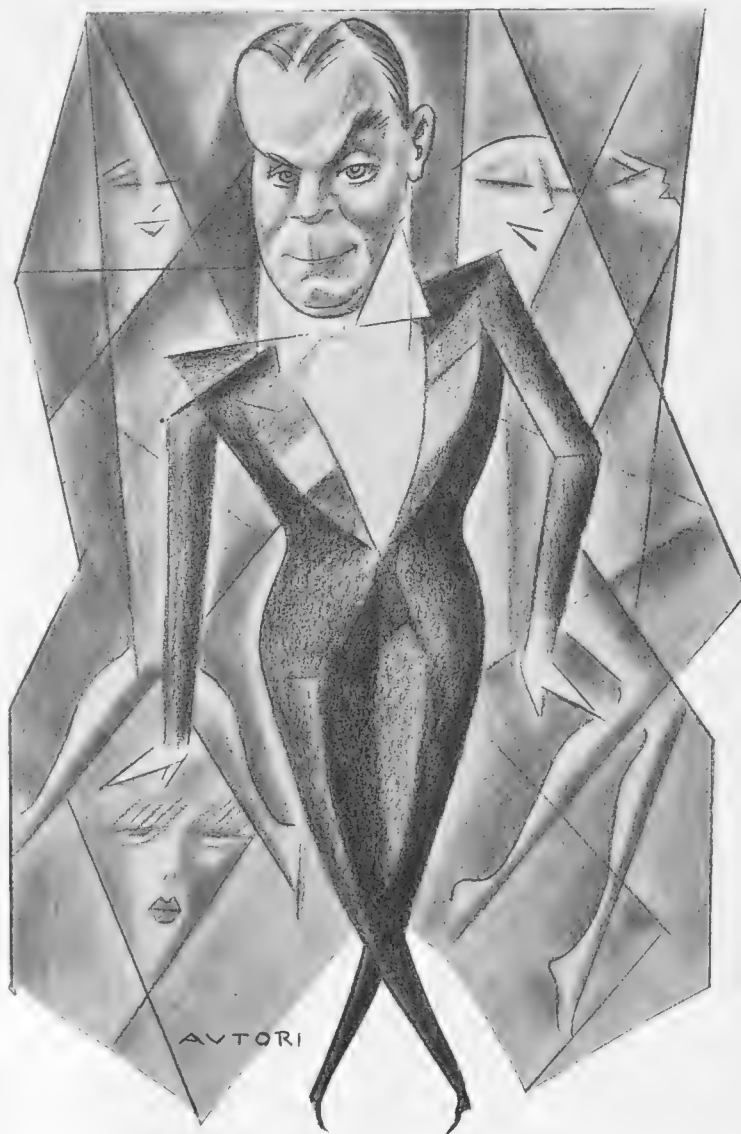
Mr. Sisley Huddleston's new book, "Europe in Zig-Zags" (Harrap. 21s.), may only be brilliant journalesque, but it gives you a clearer insight into the trend of post-War European politics, its aims and ambitions, as well as the present state of

European countries, than ever you will obtain from newspapers or from the average returned traveller; still less clearly from politicians themselves. The book is divided into countries rather than chapters. Spain, Italy, Austria, the Balkans, Germany, that is their order. Their post-War aspect is described. The present state of their political and domestic situation. The aims, the successes, the failures of their statesmen. Mixed with this is a series of vivid character-studies of each country's leading men, especially in the world of politics and literature. They are drawn from the writer's own personal experience and a long study of their work. The whole is woven together into a complete picture of how these various European

countries struck the author himself through his own observation, his own personal experience; through the people he has seen, the people he has known, the leaders of thought whom he has met and talked with. Moreover, Mr. Huddleston does know what he is writing about. He has travelled so extensively in Europe, he has lived abroad so long, that his book is no series of superficial impressions, no mere bit of second-hand gossip, no collection of hearsay and of left-hand information. In each country he sums up the modern political situation in a way which makes it very easy to comprehend even when you are not a born politician, and European politics seem to you like a puzzle. He is always interesting, he is never dull; he is often very amusing too; he is invariably good company. Such men as Hindenburg, Mussolini, Stresemann, Primo de Rivera, Mazaryk, Ibañez, Pirandello, Karel Capek, D'Annunzio, Seipel, and Thomas Mann have special chapters devoted to them. The result is a series of extraordinarily vivid portraits. After his wide and long experience as a foreign correspondent, Mr. Sisley Huddleston can view the modern European problems at close hand, as it were. Thus he can make them clear to his readers. A triumph indeed, because most European political problems seem to the average Englishman buried beneath a mass of conferences, committees, speeches which mean nothing, and silences which mean a lot; the whole bounded by the vagaries of the Peace Conferences, whose earnestness seems to him to end so often in a jaunt of foreign states-

men to pleasant capitals at pleasant seasons of the year, and a superabundance of statistics and talk. The book is well illustrated, and if you take an interest in the present-day Europe, its personalities, its problems, and its peoples, it is fascinating to read. If you have already read Mr. Huddleston's previous book, "Bohemian, Literary, and Social Life in Paris," you will know how well he writes, how picturesque and interesting and amusing he invariably is. Some political writers can't be dull. He is one of them.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xviii of this issue

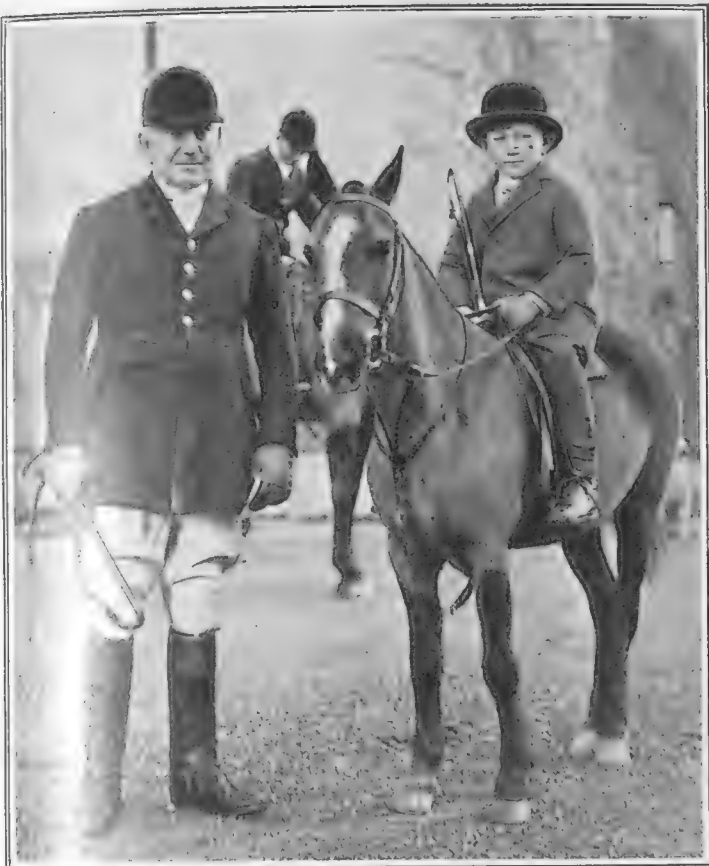


MR. C. B. COCHRAN

By Autori

A wonderful impression of London's, and perhaps the world's, greatest entrepreneur. Mr. Cochran's annual efforts at the London Pavilion are amongst the events of the season, and this year the title is to be "Cochran's Revue 1930." Mr. Cochran is the originator of the "Feed the chorus lady" movement, and he is all against the straight up and down sylph hitherto so much in vogue

GOOD HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.



MR. "ATTY" PERSSE, M.F.H., AND HIS SON JOHN AT A MEET OF THE LIMERICK AT ADARE MANOR

Pooler, Dublin



Pooler, Dublin

WITH THE LIMERICK: THE MISSES BARING AND MISS D. LYONS



AT BEEBY: MRS. W. LESLIE F. A. PEARSON WELL

AND MR. AND MRS. WRAPPED UP



Arthur Owen

THE HON. MRS. HEWSON AND HER DAUGHTERS

Mrs. F. A. Pearson's striking fur coat has been a feature of Meltonshire trysts this season, and she must have been glad of it when the Quorn met at Beeby in an icy fog. Her husband is First Secretary to the American Embassy in Vienna. Mr. "Atty" Persse has been Joint Master of the Limerick since 1928, and Miss Cynthia and Miss Doreen Baring are the daughters of a former Master, Mr. Nigel Baring. Mrs. Hewson, the late Lord Horne's only daughter, has been hunting regularly with the Pytchley, and often takes her little girls, Mary and Margaret, to the meets



SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD

Giving his fine Chow-Chow a little sun and exercise on the Cote d'Azur. Sir Coleridge Kennard is an author as well as a diplomat, and his new book is having a great success

shawls which nearly every woman seemed to be wearing made the evening a real orgy of colour. Everyone from all over the Riviera seemed to have motored over, and the place was packed out. The whole Palais was lighted up completely for the first time since its erection, and as there are no less than 10,000 lights which outline the whole building, it is not surprising that the effect was so brilliant that it could be seen for nearly ten miles along the coast.

Amongst those who had parties there I saw the King and Queen of Denmark, also the Aga Khan and his wife, and the twenty Beauty Queens who had just come on from Cannes. A very notable absentee, who had booked a table but was forced to postpone his visit, was the King of Sweden, who has been detained in Rome owing to the Queen's illness. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gould were amongst others I saw in the huge crowd, and one of the most entertaining features of the evening was the Spanish costume competition, for which there were some really lovely prizes given, a beautifully fitted dressing-bag and a lovely evening frock being two of the things which attracted me most.

Cannes has been delightful these last few days, and the Battle of Flowers, which was postponed one day owing to rain, took place the next under such ideal conditions that it was almost like being in fairyland.

To begin with, the tribunes at Cannes are much closer than at Nice, and consequently the whole thing is much more *intime*. Then, too, the setting of the sea and the great palm trees of the Casino gardens and the Croisette is perfect; and to complete matters, there are always so many well-known people taking part in the procession that it is really very interesting to watch, quite apart from the actual beauty of the carriages themselves.

Cannes certainly did its very utmost to entertain the beauty "Queens," and during the brief few days of their visit they were fêted at the Cercle Nautique, lunched at the Martine, had a special polo match arranged for them out at Mandelieu, and, last but very much not least, were the centre of attraction at one of the best galas at the Ambassadeurs that I have ever seen in Cannes. There was much excitement over the distribution of the prizes, and the jurymen, M. André de Fouquierres, Sir John Lavery, Mr. Henry Russell, Count Salm, Clemenceau du

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER,
—I am feeling somewhat exhausted to-day after an extremely late night at the "All Spain" gala at the Palais de la Méditerranée with which Nice commenced her carnival festivities. I must say there could never be a better setting for such a gala than the great white Palais, and the rich colours of the many Spanish dresses, and the wonderful

Maine, and Sir Hugo de Bathe, seemed to find it very difficult to decide among so many rival charms.

I personally should have chosen "Miss Germany," who was lovely, but in the end "Miss Denmark" and "Miss Italy" tied for first place and each received a prize. The King and Queen of Denmark seemed delighted at the decision, and applauded very heartily. Lord and Lady Derby (who have now left for London on a short visit), the ex-King and Queen of Portugal, Lady Wavertree, the Redmond McGraths, Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, the Grahame-Whites, Colonel Mathew Lannowe, Prince and Princess Schaumberg-Lippe, Prince Halim, the Prince and Princess of Montenegro, Sir Coleridge Kennard, Sir Edward Lucas, and Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone were only a very few out of the eight hundred people who were dîning.

Apart from the races, which also have been on every day, and where I saw the Aga Khan and his wife and M. Veil Picard, the real centre of attraction this week have been, of course, the regattas.

The King of Denmark, who has taken the very greatest interest in them throughout the week, did not compete the first day, but on the second took out *Dana* in a very rough sea and a high wind, and came in fourth after a most entertaining race. The

next day he was out again, and this time came in first after a long fight with an American boat, *Sallenna*, which looked very like winning at one time. Mr. Loel Guinness, who is a tremendously keen yachtsman, flew down to Cannes in order to be able to take part in the races, and yesterday came in first on *Quixie*, a boat which had previously won in one of the earlier days'



A WARM CORNER AT CANNES

Miss Rosie Josephs combining sun-bathing and beauty-culture after taking part in one of the strenuous physical jerks classes which take place daily on the sands. Miss Josephs is prominent in the New York theatrical world

races, sailed by General Tom Bridges for Mr. Benjamin Guinness.

Monte Carlo is very full now, and more people seem to be coming in every day. The Sporting Club and the Cercle Privé (which now has a very smart new entrance and a most delightful new restaurant and bar all to itself) are packed. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps is always one of the most attractive women to be seen there, and wears very pretty and extremely simple clothes plus some lovely jewellery, the whole producing a most ultra chic effect. Princess Illinskia always looks beautiful, so does Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who is one of the best-dressed people in the South.—CAROLINE.



"MLLE. PRINTEMPS"

The pretty young Italian tennis player, who has adopted a pseudonym for tournament purposes. "Mlle. Printemps" is twenty years of age, and lives at Monte Carlo



JOHN

IN GOOD COMPANY

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton
and Her Family of Two

These are quite new studies of Lord Grantley's daughter-in-law and her engaging children, who were born in 1920 and 1923 respectively. Mrs. Norton, one of smart Society's prettiest and most entertaining members, was Miss Jean Kinloch before her marriage, and is Lady Brownlow's elder sister. Captain the Hon. Richard Norton served with his regiment, the Scots Guards, in the European War, and was wounded. He is now in the Special Reserve



SARAH

Photographs by Sfeighl

THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Man in Possession,"
(Ambassadors)
and "Nine Till Six"
(Apollo)



WHO WOULD NOT BE A BROKER'S MAN?

Mr. Raymond Massey as the ne'er-do-weel Raymond Dabney, who first of all is put in possession of the lovely Crystal Wetherby's (Miss Isabel Jeans) goods and chattels and ends up by being put in possession of the lady herself, cutting out his sanctimonious and smug brother

"The Man in Possession."

Mr. H. M. Harwood's pretty wit is in harmonic pitch with the spirit of the times. Enlightened audiences (women in the majority) thrive on that freedom which, according to the moralists, crept in with short-skirts and cocktails and looks like staying; for though skirts be momentarily ankle-deep (behold Miss Isabel Jeans in yards and yards of apricot crêpe de sin), of the making of cocktails there is no end.

Mr. Harwood's contribution, incidentally, to the language of the shaker is "The Maiden's Prayer — say when, you know."

The Man in Possession makes modern circles round the ironies of Vice rewarded and Virtue untriumphant. Blackmail is conducted in a gentlemanly way, and the admirable theme of master masquerading as man receives a new variation. There is also a seduction scene in which discretion and daring are astutely paired. How shocking

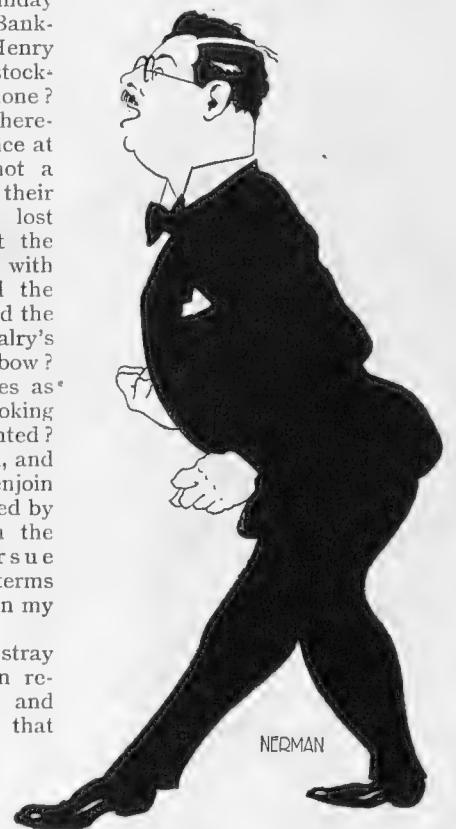
all this reads in cold print! But remember, Mrs. Grundy, before you lacerate the censor with hat-pins, that if the modern daughter is reputed to be unshockable, it may not be altogether her fault. Do not women grossly preponderate in a post-War world cognisant of Sex Appeal, Greta Garbo, beauty culture, back-stage talkies, Sunday journalism, Tallulah Bankhead, quick divorce, Henry Ford, filthy lucre, silk stockings, and the saxophone? Is not competition therefore fierce and reticence at a discount? Is it not a fact that in finding their freedom women have lost their Mystery? That the companionate spirit, with which is incorporated the freedom of the bar and the smoke-room, is Chivalry's worst pain in the elbow? That man masquerades as the hunter but looking ludicrously like the hunted? He is a scarce animal, and the ethics of hunting enjoin that one shall be chased by many. And how can the pursuer properly pursue when he is on equal terms with the quarry? Upon my soul I hardly know!

The point is that stray talk about a Victorian revival is all my eye and Gloria Swanson, and that *The Man in Possession* is one of those witty, naughty, provocative, dry champagne comedies which, in the sacred cause of entertainment no modern-minded person should



MR. STAFFORD HILLIARD AND MISS ANN CODRINGTON

The sheriff's officer-in-chief (all Scotch) and the lady's maid (all there)



MR. WALTER PIERS

As Claude Dabney, the hero's brother, a pillar of virtue and smugness

miss. You begin chuckling at once over the guilty secret which has driven the Dabney family (underwear) from Dulwich to Highgate. This quiet first scene is a model of introduction. Interest is created and held. Suburban types are humorously drawn. Mr. Raymond Massey's abundance of hair somewhat discounted the likelihood of six-month's imprisonment, but let that pass. It was good to hear the prodigal son bewailing to an unrelenting father (Mr. Paul Gill) and a pompous brother (Mr. Walter Piers) the disadvantage of a college education and the inadvisability of conducting commerce on too small a scale. This was a pleasant description of an unfortunate episode concerned with the buying and selling of a motor-car on the system of £30 down and away you go—to prison.

Mr. Massey, having refused to be bought off to the colonies by the paternal cheque book, is next encountered as a bailiff in the Mayfair establishment of that gay and decorative adventuress, Mrs. Crystal Wetherby (Miss Isabel Jeans). This lady "in seduced circumstances," being both tired of adventuring and short of credit, had gotten engaged to none other than Claude Dabney, believing him to be rich. Whereas, owing to a slump in underwear, Claude, deceived by the widow's affluent surroundings, was hard up.

Advised by his superior officer to combine tact with light domestic duty, Mr. Massey is soon providing the delightful spectacle of an ex-Cambridge undergraduate, ex-gaol-bird broker's man, waiting on the agonised members of his own family in the full-dress regalia of a footman. Piquant as this situation is

it is nothing to the amatory episode which follows the departure of the guests. Mr. Massey's tact and engaging personality and Miss Jeans' magnetic distinction carry off this *tour de sofa* with an air of discreet bravado which gives the second Act a masterly curtain. Will the champagne sparkle fizzle out in the next? Can Mr. Harwood keep it up? Hats off to him, he can. Act III, in which Crystal's present or potential lovers are strategically removed, and Claude, gently blackmailed into doubling the family offer of £500 to be rid of the prodigal, gallops gaily on to its romantic and positively respectable ending without a dull moment. Exits and entrances, point and counterpoint, dovetail in with a nicety which makes play-writing look easy, and acting as simple as falling off a log.

All credit to Mr. Harwood, Miss Jeans for a witty, sparkling performance (I am still dazzled by her brilliance in *The Road to Rome*), and Mr. Massey for further proof of his skill as a producer and versatility as an actor. This part calls for the rapid rapier work which is associated with comedians of lighter calibre; Mr. Leslie Howard for instance. Mr. Massey's more ponderous methods might fail if severed from the charm and sincerity which distinguish his work. Messrs. Paul Gill, Walter Piers, Stafford Hilliard, Robert Mawdesley, and Ivo Dawson, likewise Misses Alex Frizell, Evelyn Moore, and Ann Codrington deserve felicitations. A joyous evening, to which Mr. Eugene O'Neill's fo'castle drama, *In the Zone*, gave a vigorous start.



MISS LOUISE HAMPTON IN "NINE TO SIX"

A delightful human study of the kindly philosophic shop-keeper behind whose mask of prosperity lies the shadow of tragedy and disappointment

Gwendolyn Hammond, newly married to a *chef* on night duty, explains her late arrival with true Gallic candour. The mannequins disrobe in unison with a disarming air of bored oblivion. Humour and pathos look out on an entranced audience through spectacles now novelettishly rosy, now surprisingly tinged with melancholy. Presented by one woman (Mrs. C. B. Cochran), produced by another (Miss Auriol Lee), and acted by sixteen more without the aid of one single male, this gossamer mixture of tears and laughter has an elusive quality which probably makes it seem better than it is. Pretty-pretty it may be, but something more than mere charm ripples below the sentimental surface. The acting is so completely flawless that only a sense of justice and a lack of space prevent me from writing sixteen panegyric paragraphs of equal length and fervour.

"TRINCULO."



MISS POLLY EMERY

Delightfully amusing as the entire "general." Alas, space is short else the shop's all-feminine cast would be Nerman-ized



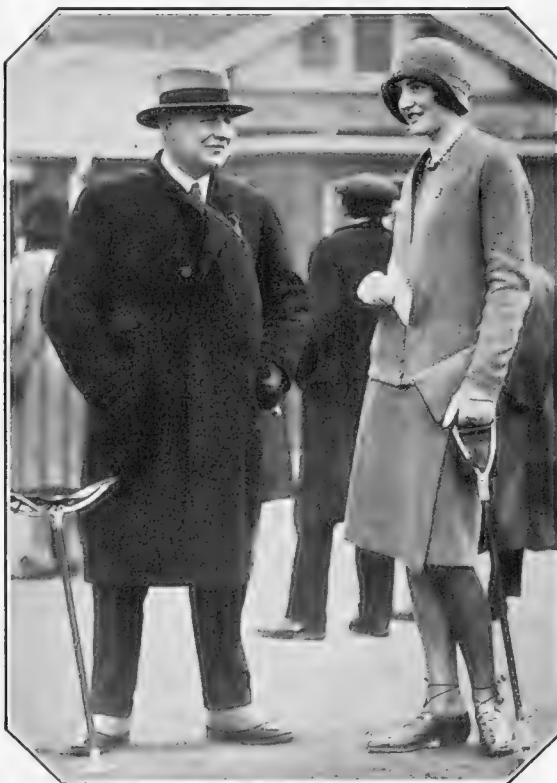
MISS MOLLY JOHNSON

As the Irish colleen who "borrows" a frock to gladden her aristocratic lover and is forgiven

AT NEWBURY RACES

MRS. AUGUSTUS OPPENHEIM, LADY GEORGINA AGAR,
AND MR. HUGH FLOWER IN THE PADDOCKBRIG.-GENERAL THE HON. CHARLES
AND MRS. LAMBTONMISS CAVENDISH AND CAPTAIN "FIZ"
RENTON TREAT RACING SERIOUSLY

LADY SYBIL PHIPPS AND MISS FULLER



MISS P. PUXLEY AND COLONEL JAMES



CAPTAIN TRAILL AND MISS STEPHENS

The large attendance of visitors at the Newbury February meeting had plenty of interesting racing to watch, both on Friday and Saturday. In the Newbury 'Chase seven Grand National candidates were on view, and those who had pinned their faith on the invincible Stott had the satisfaction of seeing him ride a fine finish to win on Lordi by a length from Blaris, with Eagle's Tail, a length away, third. Lordi incidentally was carrying 9 lb. more weight than he has been allotted at Aintree. On the second day Blennerhasset, whom some people consider quite a likely "long shot" for the big race, made all the running in the Open Hunters' 'Chase for Amateur Riders, and jumped exceedingly well, but Ballasport had the better finishing speed. It was too cold to dally long looking for well-known faces, but among those recognised in a quick look round were Lord Normanton's eldest daughter; Lord Durham's brother and sister-in-law; Miss Victoria Fuller, who is Sir Gerard Fuller's youngest sister; and Lady Sybil Phipps who had come over from Chalcot. Brigadier-General Lambton won his D.S.O. at the battle of Khartum. His wife was formerly Miss Lavie Garforth and is a cousin of Lord Middleton

STAGING THE GRAFTON: CHARITY THEATRICALS AT WHITTLEBURY LODGE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE



MISS MURIEL BARNARD AND MISS MOLLIE HOPE-BROOKE IN "HOLED OUT IN ONE"



"WAITING FOR A 'BUS": MISS MOLLY AND MISS JOAN BROOKE AS COCKNEY HOUSEWIVES, AND MR. JACK BROOKE AS A FUSSY BUSINESS MAN



MISS JOAN LORING AND MISS RUTH BROOKE AS SHOP GIRLS IN "WAITING FOR A 'BUS"



MISS WALFORD, MISS BARNARD, AND MISS SUSAN CLOSE-SMITH IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM "HOLED OUT IN ONE"



MISS GREGOR WAITS FOR THE 'BUS UNDER THE POLICE PROTECTION OF CAPTAIN DU BUISSON



CAPTAIN J. GRANT-IVES (WELLINGTON WOMBAT M.P.), MRS. B. MACDONALD, AND CAPTAIN IAN MACDONALD, IN "HOLED OUT IN ONE"

One of the most amusing fixtures with which the Grafton have been concerned this season was a theatrical entertainment given at Whittlebury Lodge, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lees. The Whittlebury and District Nursing Association was short of funds, and members of the Hunt decided to set this to rights by staging their acting talent in two sketches, namely, "Holed Out in One" and "Waiting for a 'Bus." Both these playlets were very much to the taste of the large number of hunting people who came from far and near to see the fun, and from the word "Go" there was no possible doubt whatever of the success of the undertaking. All the people on this page are well-known pursuers of Northamptonshire foxes, and Captain du Buisson is the Grafton's honorary hunt secretary

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Priscilla in Paris



PAUL ROBESON CONDUCTED BY PIERRE MONTEUX

"Tor's" impression of the creator of "Ol' Man Ribber" at a recital of negro spirituals at the Salle Pleyel, Paris, where Paul Robeson had a big success. The Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, conducted by Pierre Monteux, provided the accompaniments. Paul Robeson is, they say, considerably enlarging his repertory with "European" songs. He is also going to play Othello in London in Maurice Brown's production

TRÈS CHER,—It is long since I have been so moved and thrilled by any human voice as I was by Paul Robeson's singing at the Salle Pleyel the other evening. That vast golden barn of a place was packed with an eager, impatient audience that apparently knew what to expect. I didn't, for I had never heard this splendid coloured singer before; but when he came on to the platform, making his way between the members of the orchestra to his place by the conductor—tall, calm, and though obviously overwhelmed by the tremendous ovation hurled at him by the crowd, perfectly self-possessed by reason of his absolute un-selfconsciousness—I was immediately attracted by his magnetic personality. While the orchestra played the prelude to his first song he stood with easy immobility in such tranquil repose that he gave the impression of standing in solitude, oblivious of our presence, not on a concert platform, but out in the open under the high vault of the star-dusted, moon-splashed night, and that when his voice soared, flexible and magnificent, he was singing to an Invisible Presence that, to him, was far more real than the mere spectators in the hall.

He sang several negro spirituals—"Deep River," "Steal Away," "Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells"—and the audience at his feet bellowed for more and would not be denied. Later a clamour arose for "Ol' Man Ribber," till at last, raising his hand for silence, Paul Robeson explained that, not having his usual piano accompanist with him, he could not sing any other pieces than those announced on the programme. It was only with the greatest reluctance that he was allowed to retire. I confess I also would have liked to hear him with the piano alone. The orchestra, no doubt from insufficient rehearsal, was a little loud. I am therefore immensely looking forward to his return visit to Paris in

March, when I hope the orchestra will have quieted and also that he will give us a few spirituals with only a piano accompaniment. I am told, by the way, that he is to play Othello in London in May. You are lucky, for I imagine this should be a most interesting performance.

I had no space last week to tell you how greatly I enjoyed Jean Patou's evening party on the occasion of the First Showing of his Spring-Summer models. The lofty cream-and-gold salons were filled with what the Society "par" writers of the Parisian *Notes Mondaines* love to describe as "the cream-of-the-cream"! "Their Excellencies" the Philippe Berthelots were there (I always think of him as Shock-headed Peter for all that Colette sees him, *vide* her article in "Bravo," in the "feline shape of a great cat"), Princess Nicolas of Greece, Lady Wellington Koo, Comtesse André de Robilant, Madame Levy-Despas—an unusually talented musical member of Society—were present also. The stage was represented by Madame Ventura of the Comédie Française, while Mlle. Thérèse Dorny came in at midnight after singing in Rip's Revue at the Folies Wagram. The Grand Opera had its deputation in Madame Ganna Walska (MacCormick), who enjoyed a very warm reception when she sang "Louise" last week, for all that she seemed to be suddenly stricken dumb in the third Act. Was it a lapse of memory or an unexpected access of stage fright. No one will ever know . . . but I shall never forget the orchestra conductor's face during the few seconds that it lasted.



MADAME NYOTA-INYOKA IN "VISHNU"

Nyota Inyoka, whom London will see at the Arts Theatre Club on March 4, boasts of Indian and Egyptian blood in her veins, and her dances, exotic and mysterious, create an uncanny sense of the East. She has recently been performing in Paris, where Madame Yvette Guilbert, after seeing her, was enthusiastic in her praise, and it is in a measure due to the great disease that Nyota Inyoka has been engaged to appear at the Arts Theatre Club for a limited number of performances

Would-be gate-crashers have a thin time of it at Jean Patou's parties, for the invitation cards are sternly exacted at the doors; Sem, the well-known caricaturist, is, however, one of the rare

(Continued on p. 2)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES



W. H. Thomas

MISS JEANETTE LOFF

Hollywood's most beautiful blonde, according to the local authorities, who are expert judges in this particular direction. Miss Loff leapt into fame as Rod La Rocque's leading lady in "Hold 'Em Yale" and "Love Over Night," and followed that up by captivating the whole of the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. Now she is scheduled to set the hearts of America's Universities a-fluttering, for she is appearing with Eddie Quillan in his new Pathé all-talkie, "Joe College."



ACROSS THE OPEN DITCH



THE MIDWICK POLO TEAM, LOS ANGELES

The team won the opening match of the 1930 Pacific Coast Open Championships, defeating Cypress Point by 10-8. Left to right: Neil McCarthy, Elmer Boeseke (an eight-goal player), Eric Pedley (another eight-goal man), and Carleton Burke, captain



THE HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN



AT PALM BEACH: LADY PATRICIA WARD AND MISS ELINOR BARRY



WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATERS: SONJA HENIE, KARL SCHAFFER, AND M. AND MME. PIERRE BRUNET

The Americans as usual are hard at it playing polo on the Pacific slope—whilst we . . . and the International is only a few months off. The Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven is in the Bahamas with her sister, Lady Carlisle. The skating "champs" were all in New York. Sonja Henie of Norway won her fourth consecutive World's Championship, Karl Schafer is the men's Singles Champion, and M. and Mme. Pierre Brunet of France the winners of the World's Mixed Doubles Championship



RHAPSODY

From the picture by W. E. Webster, R.I., R.O.I.

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ARRESTED. BY "THE TOUT"



J. MOLONEY AND CAPTAIN WEBER

A picture of a not unusual occurrence at any jump-meeting. If you want anything, even a horse, ask our incomparable and resourceful police! J. Moloney has been riding very brilliantly for W. Payne's stable, amongst others, and won on Mrs. Hollins' Blaris at Kempton, and other winners he has had have been K.C.B., Meleaston, General Advance, Delarue, Don Sancho (twice), etc. Captain Weber is quite at the top amongst the Corinthians, and won the N.H. Chase on Big Wonder last year, and may be on his back in the Grand National



THE LAST DANCE



DANCE OF SALOME

Waterhouse

A MAN IN RAPTURE

Quoted from "*My Lady Nicotine*"
by Sir J. M. BARRIE

Then I sat down beside Gilray, and almost smoked into his eyes. Soon the aroma reached him, and rapture struggled into his face. Slowly his fingers fastened on the pouch. He filled his pipe, without knowing what he was doing, and I handed him a lighted spill. He took perhaps three puffs, and then gave me a look of reverence that I know well. It only comes to a man once in all its glory—the first time he tries the Arcadia Mixture—but it never altogether leaves him.

"Where do you get it?" Gilray whispered, in hoarse delight . . . The Arcadia had him for its own.



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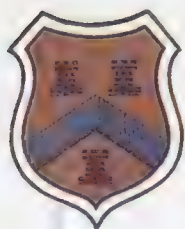
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IN CAIRO



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EDWARD
STRICKLAND AT GHEZIREH



MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM AT
SHEPHERD'S, CAIRO



AT MONTE: LORD AND LADY
CECIL DOUGLAS



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. P. R.
BUTLER



AT CANNES: LADY LAVERY AND
LADY WAVERTREE

The net on this page is cast from the West end to the East end of the Middle Sea and in both locations it is extremely pleasant to be if you have the time and are not fonder of fox-hunting than sun-hunting. Sir Edward Strickland is G.O.C. British troops in Egypt, a part of the world he knows all about, as he was in the Dongola show, and the subsequent armed promenades up the Nile. The Ghezireh links used to be very good, and probably are so still. Herr Emile Ludwig, the German historian, was snapped at the German Embassy in Cairo and Mr. Somerset Maugham may have been imbibing "atmosphere" at Shepherd's, where they keep it on tap. All the rest of the pictures were taken on the Côte d'Azur. Mrs. P. R. Butler, who is a bride of the year, was Miss Rhona Curzon, and is a daughter of the Hon. Assheton and Mrs. Curzon. Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler is commanding the 2nd Royal Welch Fusiliers

THE ESSEX TERRITORIAL BALL



BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. B. COLVIN AND
LADY ELIZABETH MATHESON



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR TORQUHIL MATHESON
AND LADY GWENDOLINE COLVIN



LIEUTENANT KERNSLEY AND MISS
THORNTON



Capt. H. E. Hobbs, Lieut. Page, Capt. W. G. Piggin, Capt. Justham, Lieut. E. J. Hobbs, Mrs. H. E. Hobbs, Miss Shrimpton, and Mrs. W. G. Piggin and two friends



Miss M. Heycock, Miss D. Payne-James, Miss J. Yorke, Mr. H. McGregor, Mr. W. E. Jones, Mr. A. G. Terdeman, and Mr. G. O. St. J. Morris, and a friend



Group including Colonel H. Jolly, Miss Jolly, Miss Colvin, Captain H. V. Jolly, Surgeon-Captain Robley-Browne, Mrs. Robley-Browne, Miss Claire Jolly, and Mr. Eric Grogono

The 54th East Anglian Division T.A. held its third annual ball at the Cecil, and, as usual, the mobilisation orders were most avidly obeyed and the whole operation carried out with overwhelming success. Major-General Sir Torquhil Matheson, K.C.B., C.M.G., commands the division and has a very distinguished active service record, as, besides other decorations, he got ten mentions in the European War, and after it he commanded the Waziristan Field Force, 1920-24. The General is a brother of Sir Alexander Matheson, Bart., and Lady Elizabeth Matheson is a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Brigadier-General R. B. Colvin is Lord-Lieutenant of Essex and commands the 54th East Anglian Divisional Signals. Lady Gwendoline Colvin is the youngest sister of the present Earl of Stradbroke

BEAUTY AND BRAINS FROM HOLLYWOOD



SIR HARRY LAUDER AND PAUL
WHITEMAN IN HOLLYWOOD



CAROL LOMBARD IN "THE RACKETEER"



DOLORES DEL RIO AND EDMUND LOWE IN "THE BAD ONE"

Sir Harry Lauder, who is not a stranger to the film stage as he was the central figure in "Huntingtower," the film version of John Buchan's famous novel, for which it was said he got £10,000, was visiting the leader of that famous band at the Universal Studios when this "still" was taken. Paul Whiteman is rehearsing with his entire orchestra in Carl Laemmle, Junior's, all-sound and all-colour extravaganza, "The King of Jazz Revue." Carol Lombard, another of the blondes in which America seems to specialise, is playing lead opposite to Robert Armstrong in the new talkie called "The Racketeer," and Dolores del Rio and Edmund Lowe are seen in one of the many hectic scenes in a new United Artists' talkie, "The Bad One." It is said to be Dolores del Rio's first speaking film of any importance, and she has made good, so it is reported

RUGBY RAMBLINGS

THE result of the England v. France match is still on the knees of the gods as these lines are being written, so comment on that game must be reserved till next week. But it is a real pleasure now to congratulate Sam Tucker on the honour of the captaincy, a distinction which he has richly earned. England has had no more loyal servant than the idol of Bristol, and it is well that she should bestow the highest honour of the game on a forward who has worked so splendidly and against whose methods of play no one has ever breathed a word.

If the captaincy went by seniority the Bristol man should have succeeded to it on the retirement of R. Cove-Smith last season, but the Rugby Union have never recognised this principle, at any rate since leadership became something more than a name, which is not so long ago as some may think. The Bristol crack played his first match for England in January, 1922, against Wales at Cardiff, when in a sea of mud and water the Welshmen kicked the ball about the field much more cleverly than the Englishmen, and won a runaway victory by two goals and six tries to two tries.

Several Englishmen were dropped after this rout, some of them, B. S. Cumberlege for example, quite unjustly. J. S. Tucker vanished from the English side for three seasons, but at last his sterling work for Bristol and Gloucestershire brought him to the front again, and he remained in the side until the Scottish match last season, when an extraordinary error of judgment left him out in the cold at Murrayfield. In that game the England forwards gave one of the most disappointing exhibitions ever seen, but even that did not induce the selectors to change their views. Then somebody dropped out and Sam was pulled out of bed at the dead of night and told that he was wanted in Paris. He answered the call just as readily as he did the summons that reached him the other day when he made that dramatic flight from Bristol to Cardiff, reached the ground twenty minutes before the start, and led England to a sensational victory.

Sam Tucker is neither a public school nor a university man, but he has never found that fact a handicap in the England

team. There is no snobbishness in Rugby—International Rugby at any rate—and all the stupid attempts to stir up dissension on that score have fallen very flat indeed. Our team is always a happy family nowadays, and the generous welcome invariably accorded to new players by Ronald Poulton has been maintained by his post-War successors.

Our selectors have not been too fortunate in their choices lately, but it must be remembered that when the team to meet Wales was chosen neither John Daniell nor Captain E. W. Roberts, the two best judges of forwards in the country, was present. Had either or both of them been available it is quite certain that J. S. Tucker would never have been left out, and that another forward would never have been included. Both these errors have now been

corrected, the first one evidently by a special interposition of Providence, and win or lose against France, the pack put in the field last Saturday was almost certainly the best we have at our disposal.

Next Saturday is the great day of the Rugby year for the Services, when Army and Navy meet in their annual encounter. It is the Navy's turn to win, for the Army has won the last two matches, and has been obviously the better side. This year the Navy has been showing better form, and their game against the R.A.F. should do them a lot of good. In that match they were without their burly International forward, J. W. Forrest, and he should remedy some of the defects observed in the Navy pack that day. Outside the Navy look distinctly formidable with a pair of very useful halves, a quartette of fairly fast and sound three-quarters, and a first-class full-back in Lieutenant Gosling, who was in great form against the R.A.F. So was Lieutenant T. S. Lee, one of the centres.

The Army have lost some very useful players of late, A. T. Young and others having been ordered abroad. But they can still put a fast and powerful side into the field, and are not in the least downhearted. Their halves are quite good, and if their third line is not quite as fast or as formidable on paper as it was a year ago it is still sufficiently dangerous. At full-back they will again have the lively Second-Lieutenant Hunt, who played for Ireland. "LINE-OUT."



ROSSLYN PARK BEAT RICHMOND 16-0

R. S. CRISP

This was Rosslyn Park's second victory over Richmond this season. W. R. Collins, the Westminster Bank and Somerset County player, was in great form for the winners. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row (standing)—J. S. Lewis, A. K. Woodhouse, C. A. Russell, R. G. Forbes-Bassett, W. Lusty, A. C. Lusty, R. G. O'Neill, J. D. Bradford. Second row (sitting)—C. C. Moore, R. J. Iliffe, E. B. Eason, F. S. Kendall, W. R. Collins, G. M. Castle, J. N. Jones



J. G. ASKEW

The Cambridge full-back, who was in action when his side beat Blackheath at the Rectory Field a short time ago



H. P. JACOB

Blackheath's International three-quarter, on the day The Club were beaten 15 to 11 by Cambridge University



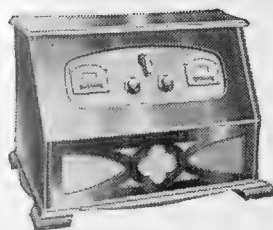
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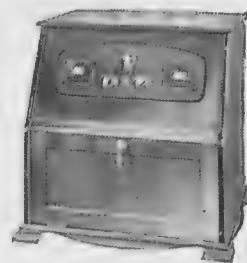
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GETTING WET IN A GOOD CAUSE

Mrs. "Pat" Rowan, Mrs. Steele-Robins, and Mr. Leslie Martin wading in Chilka Lake, Orissa, during a waterfowl shoot held while they were in camp. Mr. Martin was host, and four guns accounted for over 500 duck and 21 geese. Mrs. Steele-Robins' amusing parties are a feature of Calcutta's cold weather

THE right to strike at last! According to a message from Jack Sharkey's manager, George Cook, the Australian, who has been acting as Sharkey's sparring partner, has packed up his belongings and is leaving for New York. He complains that Sharkey has been treating him too roughly. If ever any class of human beings has had a right to complain of its employment it is sparring partners. There is never any mention of anything in the way of a nursing home being attached to any "camp," and they do not even provide a dentist's parlour free.

The thing called (in America) the "Ballyhoo" for the Scott-Sharkey box-fight on February 27 started some time ago.

So far as I can gather, Sharkey says that Scott is wasting his time and money training, and Scott says that Sharkey will not know what has struck him till he wakes up kissing the canvas. Apparently neither of them has a dog's earthly. How all these pre-War sayings are justified afterwards it would be delightful to be told, but we never are. The worst thing about these sanguinary contests, and also the Boat Race, is that you can never find a bookmaker who will lay you a bit each way.

The Carnivorous Carnera I observe is now properly "for it," as may be said, since he has been so silly as to assault the police in the person of P.C. "Buster" Martin—pet name "The Oklahoma Mauler." The Mauler, stout fella as he must be, soaked Primo one on the jaw. The next second the Mauler was turned into the crawler, and was doing the trudgeon stroke on the floor for all he was worth. This all sounds very pretty, but I feel sure that I am right, and that the curfew has now tolled the knell of departing day for the man who can eat three dozen eggs for breakfast and a few cartloads of bananas before getting down to the real business. The Oklahoma Mauler, true to his training, did his best by hanging on to Carnera with both arms (after the one he had landed on the banana eater's chin), but it was no good; Carnera shook him off, and after landing the plucky slop one that made his head swing about like a punching ball, gave him a full charge that put him down for the count. The Mauler's seconds then dragged the corpse out of the ring. Carnera got £2,800 for this and the Mauler £280, but unless I am a very bad prophet the Banana Boy has a lot more coming to him.

man outside a horse in all Ireland.

After that this great persuader showed his customer another, but even the ignorant Sassenach would not

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Though the art and science of dealing in horses has no doubt been brought to a very high pitch of perfection even in conservative and cast-iron England, it is a known and well-proven fact that we are but babes and sucklings compared to those who inhabit a place once called the Emerald Isle, and now something in Erse which I do not know how to pronounce. A charmingly subtle touch, I think it will be admitted, is rendered in the following little yarn which comes from over there. The *dramatis personæ* were the vendor, the intending purchaser, a horse, and the very finest artist in all Ireland, who was put up to show him. The horse performed in a most amazingly vulgar manner, bucking and reeing and doing everything but run away like a cart-wheel on the Cresta Run to Hell. The intending purchaser (a nervous Sassenach who wanted something fool-proof) was appalled and reduced to a gibbering fear. He ventured to suggest that the horse was not quite as quiet or as mannered as the owner said. That gentleman then said with a fine assumption of disgust: "Ah, ye wouldn't be judgin' him from what you see him do wid that felly on his back! Why he hasn't hands enough to lift a pot of porther to his lips!" And the "jockey," as I say, the very finest



BONHOMIE AT BRAUNSTON

Lady Violet Astor and Mr. J. Ramsden snap-shotted when the Cottesmore kept their Braunston appointment. Lady Violet Astor and her daughter, Miss Mercer-Nairne, have both been hunting in Leicestershire this season



MR. GERALD AND LADY ELIZABETH ANNESLEY

At a recent meet in Ireland. Lady Elizabeth Annesley is Lord Roden's elder daughter. Her marriage to Lady Mabel Annesley's son took place in 1927

look at a horse that had his neck put on wrong way up, had a brace of spavins visible to the naked eye, feet that were not a pair in front, was shy of at least two ribs, had one wall-eye, and probably was blind in the other. The customer—a most polite young man—timidly pointed to some of these things, hoping that even the owner would let him off the rest. The dealer carried on unabashed, and as a parting shot, said: "An' his comrade after winnin' three first prizes in Dublin!"

(Continued on p 1)

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The SINGER "JUNIOR" is a full-size light car capable of accommodating four adults in ease and comfort. It is not only the largest car in its class, but also the **GREATEST VALUE**—as an examination of its finish, equipment and performance will prove.

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"THAT CERTAIN TRIO"

Janet Levens

Anne de Nys, Patrick Waddington, and William Walker, the brilliant young pianists and entertainers, who are receiving a mass of applause nightly at the Café de Paris. "That Certain Trio" is also appearing at that popular resort, Nash's Club, in the early evening

"UNCLE" was preparing for his annual sale, and he and his assistant were putting cards upon the articles to be sold off at reduced rates. The assistant had placed an overcoat, edged with astrakhan, on one of the wax figures in the window. After gazing at it for a minute he said to his employer, "You know, sir, I don't think we ought to put that card, 'Fashionable,' on this coat. It's far too shabby!"

"All right," replied "Uncle," "change it to 'Very much worn.'"

* * *

A certain little girl was strictly brought up by her mother, who one day reproved her for ironing on Sunday a doll's frock with a toy iron which was one of her most treasured possessions.

"Don't you know, dear," she said, "that you are breaking the Sabbath?"

"Oh, but mother, it's only for fun," replied the child, "God knows quite well that my iron isn't hot."

* * *

"How did your potato crop turn out, old chap?" asked one ardent amateur gardener of his neighbour.

"Splendid, old man," replied the other, "some were as big as marbles, some as big as peas, and of course quite a lot of little ones."

* * *

The golf club's chief grouser at the nineteenth hole was complaining of the worm-casts on the greens and through the fairways. In strolled the captain, to whom the grouser turned and said: "By the way, isn't this the time of the year to treat worms?"

"Yes," the captain admitted, "what will you have?"

* * *

Many motorists confuse "unsplinterable" with "unbreakable." The other day a motorist opened the door of his car in a congested park and smashed the window of a low-built saloon car alongside.

"How much will that cost?" he asked.

"About two guineas," replied the owner.

"What! Two guineas for breaking a window?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," was the reply, "you see it is made of unbreakable glass."

* * *

A shop-keeper wrote to his customers as follows: "I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at three shillings a yard. In case I do not hear from you I shall conclude that you

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

wish to pay only two shillings. In order to lose no time I accept the last-named price."

* * *

"I want to buy that book in the window called 'How To Captivate Men,'" said the little girl to the assistant in the bookshop. The man looked dubiously at the little girl. "That's not the sort of book for you," he said; "what do you want it for?"

"I want to give it to my father for a birthday present," replied the child.

"But surely there are hundreds of books he would rather have," advised the assistant.

"No, I know he would like that one," persisted the little girl. "You see, he's a policeman."



STATIC GRACE

Basil

Miss Getta Luberti gives poetry to pose. Dynamic energy is also a feature of the clever dancing she contributes to "Dear Love" at the Palace Theatre

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Bumpety-bump.

ONCE upon a time—this was in the very early days of motoring—there were certain lewd fellows of the baser sort who determined to play a dirty trick upon a dear and be-whiskered (but what is more to the point, progressive) old gentleman who proudly owned, and in spite of an hereditary antipathy to mechanism, drove a 3½-h.p. Benz. It was nearly in the old "red flag" days, and those who went for a ride in this cavorting, caracoling, buck-jumping, steatopygic perambulator had some justice in their claim to be pioneers of automobilism. Perambulator it certainly looked, with its small thin-solid-tyred wheels in front, and its very, very big thin-solid-tyred wheels behind. Now this motorist—he was rightly called "motorist" in those "high and far-off times," had a great weakness for a mature and honourable port. Whilst he and another were chatting over a decanter or two, the lewd fellows of the baser sort went privily out to the coach-house and there fashioned a suitable block of wood, curving it appropriately to the arc of the back wheel of the Benz, and giving it a lift or throw of about 2 in. When this vile piece of carpentry was completed they wired it with security to one of the wheels of that strange-looking motor that stood out in the drive so innocently in the moonlight. And when the old gentleman came out to start up his engine, which he did by groping amongst knuckle-breaking gadgets hidden within the tail of the car, they helped him most enthusiastically, so that there was always at least one foot that prevented him from seeing that treacherous block of deal. Well, off he went into the night with his dithering, flickering oil lamps to light the way, a brave old chap if ever there was one. He gallantly waved to his admirers as he engaged the bottom-speed belt, and the next thing was that he rose gracefully and unexpectedly in the air. He looked round with the expression of one who has unwittingly run over a dog. And behold, a few seconds later he had slain another dog, or gone over a verge-stone. And as he increased speed he bumped more violently than ever. But you can imagine it well enough. The lewd fellows laughed till they got the hiccoughs; the dear old fellow never heard them—he couldn't in all that clatter—and I believe no deserving nephew was cut out of the avuncular last will and testament. Diligent inquiries disclosed that the matter was never referred to even jocularly by the victim, and the general conclusion was that as he did not know what was wrong, and certainly dared not have attempted to put it right, even if he had; he had just gone bumping homewards until the wire gave and his back tyre shed its excrescence.

Da Capo.

Mean little tricks—though, God knows, it *was* funny—often recoil upon those who play them. T'other night I got a puncture—in the dark and the wet, of course—and to my dismay found (and I am ashamed of this, for generally I do look after my tyres once a week in the matter of pressure) that one of my spares was flat. So the other one—an old and well-seasoned wheel—had to be returned to commission. Even my intelligence was able to perceive in the first fifty yards that something was not quite right. It was not only that the back of the car went regularly "bump-bump-bump" (which might

have been caused by one of these comic new road surfaces), but, what was even more apparent, the gear went "whum-whum-whum," which ordinarily it does not do. So I got into top, and then I felt that I was in command of a rocket with a bent stick. At over thirty miles an hour the darn car became uncontrollable. Now what I thought was this. The bus had engaged in a slight crash, involving a damaged wheel, some weeks previously. Clearly, then, the wretched insurance company had neglected to supply a new wheel, and I was running—or rather, being riveted—on the old and buffeted wreck. A pal o' mine was following me home that night, not knowing our Berkshire lanes, and it is a fact that I all but lost him. 'Cause why? He couldn't stand, for more than half-an-hour, to see one of my rear tyres behaving like a badly grilled sausage. And he wouldn't stand the drunken lurch that the back of my car made every time that egg of a tyre displayed its axial deformity. So he plunged into a pub so as to let me get ahead, and then, getting my map of the Winkfield district of Berkshire upside down he utterly lost his way. For this I cared not, but my run home was inconceivably uncomfortable. For this I held the wheel to be responsible, but in truth it was not to blame. The wheel was all right. It was the tyre that was at fault. At one side of the rim the wired edges were down in the bottom of the "well"—truth did not lie at the bottom of this well, and at the other it was high up—the edges of the beads. I did not know that tyres could behave like that, did you? Later I fought for a frenzied hour with that eccentric cover. It is again a "spare," and it looks a little more concentric—but only a little. It will be quite a nice cover to fall back upon in case of need. But when I use it I must have a little notice to pin to the back of my car. It will bear the legend, "Pray continue to laugh, but for gawd's sake don't tell me there is something wrong with my wheel; I know it already."

(Continued on p. xiv)



THE R.N.V.R. DINNER

This the one hundred and seventeenth Reunion since the War was held at the Hotel Victoria, H.R.H. the Duke of York being the guest of honour. Commander Harry Vandervell was in the chair. The club consists of some 675 officers who held temporary commissions in the R.N.V.R., and served afloat during the War in the Auxiliary Patrol. This section of the R.N.V.R. was almost entirely drawn from members of yacht clubs round the coasts, a goodly number joining up from Canada and New Zealand

beads. I did not know that tyres could behave like that, did you? Later I fought for a frenzied hour with that eccentric cover. It is again a "spare," and it looks a little more concentric—but only a little. It will be quite a nice cover to fall back upon in case of need. But when I use it I must have a little notice to pin to the back of my car. It will bear the legend, "Pray continue to laugh, but for gawd's sake don't tell me there is something wrong with my wheel; I know it already."

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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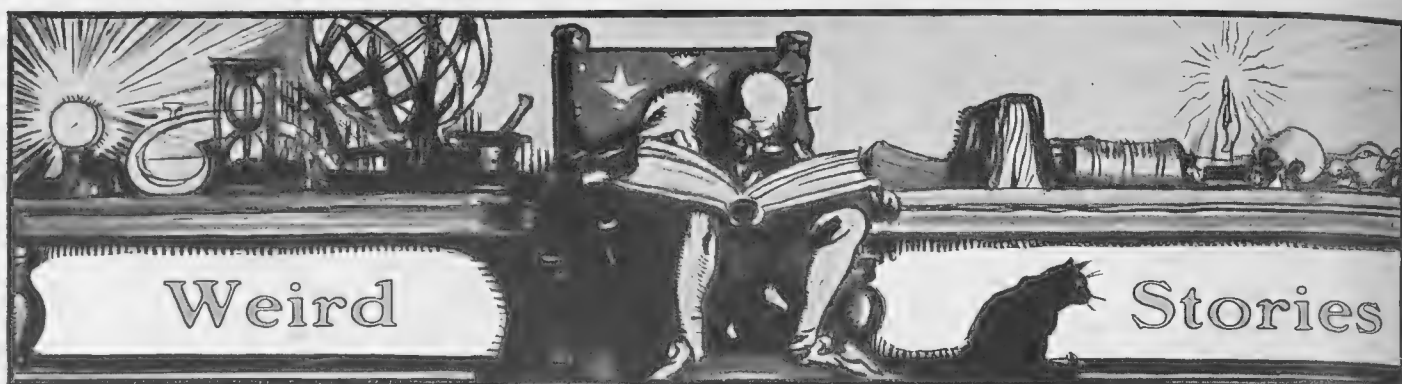
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T.B.L.



AN UNCANNY EXPERIENCE

I imagine that in these days of wireless there can be few who would deny the possibility, at any rate, of there being not only sounds but also sights around us that the ordinary eye cannot see. But I think no satisfactory explanation has yet been found for occurrences like the following—*real* ones.

Shortly before the War I was on tour on the Continent, and having finished my work in one country I was leaving for another, there to play an interesting and practically unknown composition in a town and a hall that I remembered well from having fulfilled one of my first engagements there a few years previously.

The hall being—as I distinctly remembered—of a gloomy description, the prevailing colour a dingy brown, the platform backed with dark panelling, I had given some thought to the dress I would wear, and had decided on a “picture dress” of pale apple-green and cream colour. The day before my departure from Switzerland I was packing in my room when suddenly I lost all sense of my surroundings. Instead of the room in a Swiss hotel I both saw and heard myself in the hall towards which I was to travel the next day. This by some strange process I knew it positively to be, although instead of the dingy brown walls I remembered I “saw” them a deep, rich rose colour. I saw myself, not in the dress I was going to wear, but dressed in crimson-rose colour; odder still, against a background of shimmering light silver, and oddest of all I distinctly heard myself playing *not* the “novelty” I had undertaken to perform, but a totally different one which for some years I had not played.

On arriving at my destination, a couple of days later, my only friend there asked me if I cared to go with her to an interesting concert in the hall where I was to appear a few days later, to which I gladly agreed. We were rather late in getting there and were hurrying into the hall when I suddenly stood still, gave a gasp, and, my friend told me later, turned quite pale. No wonder! for there was—*not* the hall that I remembered—but exactly as I had “seen” it from my room in Switzerland.

When, as we walked home from the concert, my friend asked me what on earth had been the matter with me when we reached the concert-hall, I told her the strange vision I had had. “Anyway,” I said, “it was all pure nonsense and can only have been an extraordinary coincidence, because I am neither going to play the work nor even the composer that I ‘heard’ myself doing, nor be dressed in the least as I ‘saw’ myself, but in totally different colours.”

The next day my friend was with me while I unpacked. Suddenly she pounced on a dress I was putting away, and exclaimed: “But *that* is what you must wear at the — Hall!” “That old thing?” I said. “No—it is not good enough. Why should I?” “Why, don’t you see,” cried my friend, “that is exactly the shade of the curtains in that hall, and that against those silver organ pipes it would be a dream of a colour scheme!” Only then did I realise that this was so, and with again a slight shock that it was the very colour in which I had “seen” myself! Further, that my friend, who was a fine artist, was quite right, and that it was *the* one dress to wear there; and after some consideration we decided that with a little faking and altering it could be made to do quite well.

A few hours later I received a message asking whether I could see a member of the Concert Committee on a matter of urgent importance. Wondering much what could have happened I, of course, hastened to the interview. With many apologies it was explained to me that when the committee had agreed with enthusiasm to my proposed programme they had overlooked the fact that it would upset a chronological sequence of composers that they were giving, and wished to keep unbroken, even with their solo items; that they were aware that what they

were going to say was a great deal to ask of any artist, especially at such short notice, but *did* my repertoire by any chance include, and, if so, could I consent to play—(need I add!) that very concerto that I had “heard” myself playing from my room in Switzerland!

Now what could I do but try my best to meet such a request? And as it happened that I *had* played the work in question, though not for several years, I *did* play (at a few days’ notice) at that concert a totally different programme from what I had planned, wearing a colour I had not thought of, in a hall as I had never seen it—but all exactly as it had so inexplicably “appeared” to me while many miles away.

S. R.

A WARNING DREAM

As an example of the fulfilment of a dream the following story may be of interest. The experience happened to a member of my family, Lady Andover, the wife of Admiral Sir Henry Digby, one of Nelson’s captains. He himself had had an experience of the supernatural, and in a former issue of THE TATLER I gave the story of how, through the intervention of an unseen presence from the spirit world he was led to the capture of a rich Spanish treasure ship. On his retirement from the Navy, Admiral Digby, now a wealthy man, thanks to the Spanish prize, married a widow, Lady Andover, whose first husband had been Lord Andover, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, she herself being a daughter of Thomas Coke, first Earl of Leicester. That she was gifted with the power of second sight seems probable from the manner which I am about to relate in which she was forewarned of her husband’s death.

The Andovers were staying at a country house for a shooting party. One night Lady Andover had a terribly vivid and startling dream.

She dreamt with all the vividness of actuality that she saw a melancholy procession wending its way slowly across the park up to the house where they were staying. At the head of it were four men carrying a hurdle on which lay stretched the lifeless form of a man. With a terrible feeling of the foreboding of impending disaster she drew near (in her dream) to the improvised bier, and then saw with horror and dismay that the inanimate figure lying on it was that of her husband.

She awoke with a piercing cry and at once told her husband what she had seen in her dream. At first he only laughed at her fears and assured her that she had only had a nightmare and had better try to go to sleep again. But the next morning she so persistently begged him with tears in her eyes not to risk going out shooting that day that finally he gave in to her entreaties, and as it happened to be a wet morning he gave the excuse to his host that he had a cold and would stay at home.

However, later in the day the weather cleared, and the sun came out, giving every indication of its turning out a fine afternoon.

Lord Andover began to think that after all he had been rather foolish in giving way to his wife’s fancies and so without saying a word to her he took his gun and cartridge-bag and started out to join the rest of the shooting party. As he came upon them suddenly, himself hidden by intervening bushes, one of the guns fired at a bird which got up in a direct line with him and he received the full charge in his body.

He fell mortally wounded, and was conveyed home on a hurdle. As the mournful cortege drew near to the front door Lady Andover, who, on discovering that her husband, in spite of her entreaties and his promise, had joined the shoot, had been waiting in an agony of fear, rushed down the steps of the portico—there, exactly as in her dream, she saw stretched on the hurdle the lifeless form of her husband. The warning had been justified.

H. M. D.



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Eve

STERN tasks lie before us this week. We have to pronounce on the modern frock as worn at the Ladies' Golf Union dinner at the Piccadilly and on International matches as discussed at the annual general meeting of the L.G.U. there the next morning.

To begin with the dinner. Such a gay gathering, with distinguished strangers like Miss Soutar, the South African golfer, who has been putting in a little golf at



Viscountess Rhondda, who has just been re-elected as President of the Ladies Golf Union



Miss Yolande Faraday of Aldeburgh sails and flies as well as plays good golf. Her engagement to Sir Basil Eddis was announced a short time ago

Mr. Rogers from Royal County Down, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mrs. McNair, Mrs. T. H. Miller, and Lady Rhondda as president in the place of honour. "The guests" were proposed by Mr. Bernard Darwin, and from the moment when he described himself as "not even a quarter of a bronze lady" he had his audience in fits of laughter. If Major Hezlet grieved to be reminded of the shortness of the putts he had missed in 1929, he bore it with a smile, and it was left to Mr. Rogers to declare that "This is the most dastardly thing England has ever done to Ireland"—"this" being the act of making him follow such a speaker in reply for the guests.

Then Mrs. Miller spoke with an energy and a grasp which brought down the house on the subject of International golf, and then, last but not least, Lady Rhondda, who acquitted herself well to the delight of everyone. And then an adjournment to play bridge or dance and watch the cabaret show. This is where the dress question comes in: Long frocks—of course there were long frocks! Miss Garnham's charming one in coffee net for instance, seemed only to lack some medieval knight who should ride up in bright armour on a foaming steed and carry

at Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME

away his lady. Miss Bayliss' oyster-satin swept the boards; Mrs. Walter Payne's and Miss Gourlay's followed suit here and there with their flame and their purple, whilst the slightly-out-of-daters in short frocks sat round the room trying to hide their knees!

At all events, everybody pronounced it a great success, and turned up in the best of tempers next morning for the general meeting. How could they have been in anything else? Had not the balance sheet and minutes been already circulated, the balance sheet showing a balance on the year's working of some £600, whereas 1928 had only produced a balance of £300. And when Lady Rhondda, who is a perfect chairwoman, said, "You have all seen the minutes; is it your pleasure that I take them as read, and do you accept them as a correct record," everybody nearly jumped with joy. Lady Rhondda, in fact, accelerated the business most excellently, yet she gave everyone their just opportunity to speak; she gauged and summed up the feeling of the speakers and of the meeting without ever swaying it, and seemed to bring a fresh breadth and detachment of outlook to the affairs of the L.G.U. The meeting responded in the same spirit. They debated the subject of International matches; first, the general principle of playing them at all, then (as that was accepted by 193 votes to 130) how money could be raised so that there should be no undignified touting for it year after year, but one central fund from which the interest would send our teams to the Dominions, to U.S.A., and to France, and entertain teams from these countries when they came here. Miss Gourlay in particular showed herself a sportswoman with whom the real good name of Britain was in safe hands; she enjoined the meeting "Let us think what the other countries will say if we decline," and finally it was she and Miss Lloyd Williams who composed the resolution which was carried by an overwhelming majority: "That a request be sent to all affiliated clubs asking them to raise a fund (on a basis to be decided by the Executive Council) to defray the expenses of International teams playing matches against the Dominions, U.S.A., and France. It is considered that a sufficient capital sum would be raised if each club would contribute a sum in proportion to the number of members. It is also suggested that a fund be opened at the L.G.U. headquarters to receive donations for this purpose, and that Ladies' Golfing Societies and Associations be given the opportunity of subscribing."

So there we are. Now it is up to the clubs first, and the public second, to supply the funds, so that the expenses can be paid of our teams. The Royal and Ancient sanctions this as no infringement of amateur status. There may be difficulties in some quarters; the industrial position in the North of England is such that support cannot



Beside the Mediterranean: Mr. F. Lazenby, Mrs. Vardy, Mrs. Morrice (putting), and Capt. T. W. Powell on the 6th green at Cagnes-sur-Mer, near Nice

possibly be expected from Lancashire, Yorkshire, or Northumberland. If the fund is insufficient the matches cannot be played. That is all there is to it. But the will to play is there, and a will has been known to find a way before now.



Miss Barbara Strohmenger of Sunningdale has just become engaged to Mr. John Ingham Fell Clarke

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON



SOAPSTONE, HANS. Sculptor. Has been a Sculptor ever since he can remember, but he hasn't got a very good memory. His symbolical group "Worthington Bottles in Spring" now stands in Kew Gardens. So, indeed, does Hans Soapstone—daily. *Clubs*: Slate. *Recreations*: Drawing the long bow; spinning the yarn and swinging the lead.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Always up to date are the hats in Jenners' (Princes Street, Edinburgh) salons, and those pictured are no exception to the rule. The one on the left is expressed in a red tweed and straw mixture outlined with leather; the one below is of felt, while the cap and scarf on the right are of tweed. (See p. ii)

Grecian Corsages and Draperies.

GRECIAN corsages, draperies, and godets that begin at the bend of the hip-line are among the important features of the spring fashions. Worth declares that in future women must talk about in-and-out-of-town-clothes; he is weary of the word "sports," as it is generally a misnomer. Patou is greatly interested in his new colour, known by the name of rose opaline. Maggy Rouff is using fringe on what she whimsically calls her dignified dresses. Chanel is creating frocks of printed crêpe de chine that are seen in alliance with long coats of stockinette. It has not even a bowing acquaintance with the fabric known by that name a few seasons ago. Gloves can no longer be discarded, and of course this will considerably add to the dress budget. For instance, Martial and Armand are showing gloves of black suède relieved with touches of écreu lace. They look so smart with a black jersey-net dress with an insertion of écreu lace on the flounce. It was by studying Selfridge's (Oxford Street) collection of Parisian models that I gleaned these facts, for as usual it contains representatives of the cream of the collections on the other side of the Channel.

It is Horsehair.

Lelong has sent to Selfridge's an evening dress that is sure to be warmly applauded as well as discussed; it represents the very last syllable in picture-frocks, and is made of a new net which is entirely composed of horsehair. The corsage silhouettes the figure, and at the base of the back is a flat bow centred with a crystal ornament, a similar bow appearing rather below the shoulder in front; the skirt is reinforced

with godets and flat horizontal pleats. It is impossible to do justice in words to what is technically called its "movement."

The scheme is completed with a horsehair hat and black suède gloves, Court length. It is not likely that hats will be seen in conjunction with evening dresses in London. This dress and its accessories in white would be ideal for a bridesmaid. By the way, bracelets, rings, and bead necklaces are being made of a new composition that has the appearance of the old-fashioned gum-drop with the solidity of glass.

The Vogue For Lace.

Black lace makes the veritable triumph of the dressmaker's art which Worth has contributed to Selfridge's collection. The corsage is cut in a deep "V" at the back, at the base of which alights a crystal ornament; the hiatus is outlined with a narrow frill of lace, which is carried over the shoulders and forms a narrow berthe in front. The skirt is hemmed with lace stiffened with horsehair; the draperies do not begin until the bend of the hip is passed. Maggy Rouff's contribution to this collection is a pale forget-me-not-blue crêpe remain evening dress; the Grecian corsage is finished with a narrow belt; the skirt, apparently simple, is very intricate, panels of fringe being artistically introduced. When worn there is no difference between the back and front of a Patou evening dress. The corsage is endowed with that wonderfully clever waist-line that must be seen to be understood. The draperies have a soupçon of an upward tendency which converge towards the centre at the front and back, the ground being just cleared. Another interesting evening dress was expressed in rose opaline crêpe chiffon showing a floral design. It shows in the cleverest manner possible that although fashions are very feminine, line still reigns supreme. There is a bolero effect in front, a floating cape at the back, and innumerable frills.

Flecked Wool Georgette.

Too much cannot be said in favour of an ensemble from Martial and Armand's. The coat and pleated skirt were carried out in one of Rodier's flecked fabrics which suggests wool georgette. The blouse was in ivory wool voile; the cunning of an artist's hand was noticeable in the manner of the draping; the Grecian effect was suggested but not emphasised. Simplicity was the salient feature of a black georgette dress, at the "V"-shaped neckline appeared folds of pink and white georgette, then in the most unexpected places were half-handkerchief draperies. An ensemble of black marocain had the coat relieved with narrow insertion of chiffon, the same idea being repeated on the dress; they were arranged so that the figure might achieve the much-to-be-desired fashionable silhouette. Little fan-shaped motifs of white crêpe de chine outlined with lace appeared at the base of the décolletage and on the sleeves.

Things Are Not What They Seem.

There is a wonderful fascination about the new hats that look just like tweed but are really made of paper; by the way, the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on them. They have come from Paris; the majority are endowed with a narrow brim, which is sometimes pleated, or it may be tucked, or the fabricating medium may be worked up to suggest a bow or a geometrical design. This is another instance of things not being what they seem. Another amusing novelty is a wool material that has a small fleck in it—the fleck is really a piece of ostrich-feather frond; the art of the weaver is given full scope in the creation of it. Ensembles carried out in it vary in price from 15 to 25 guineas.



This matern youthful, simple, all, practical. Cot Company, Street, W., carried it valley-leaf with beige

ity frock is ple, and, above The Treasure 103, Oxford Street, W. have designed and out in lily-of-the-green crêpe de chine collar and gauntlet cuffs. (See p. ii)



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Hats to Greet the Sunshine.

It is obvious that headgear is of the utmost importance as it is the first thing that is noticed in a woman's outfit, consequently it must be chosen with care. Jenners of Princes Street, Edinburgh, have contributed a trio of spring models to p. 414. The one on the left is carried out in a red tweed and straw mixture outlined with leather; as will be seen, it is turned up in front and has the modish long back; it is 45s., and this is likewise the cost of the beige felt hat below it with turned-up tucked brim. The last but by no means the least attractive of the trio is carried out in tweed reinforced with a scarf; it is a copy of a Chanel model, and the set is available for 63s. A few words must be said about the new sports hat; it is made of light-weight camel-hair felt. It is finished with double rows of stitching; there is a slightly projecting brim which never interferes with the vision of the wearer; it is available in all the fashionable colours including grape-fruit and cinnamon in sizes 6½, 6¾, and 7. In all instances the price is 1 guinea. On receipt of the usual trade references one would be sent on approval together with the illustrated catalogue.

* * *

Maternity Dresses.

So accustomed are the majority of us to associate the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street, W., with all that is best in the world of children's raiment, that one is inclined to overlook the fact that they excel in maternity dresses and their accessories. They contend, and they have proved, that it is possible for dresses of this character to be endowed with a youthful atmosphere provided they are properly cut. For summer wear there are printed delaines and zephyrs for 45s.; then there are others of wool crêpe de chine for 3 guineas. The model pictured on p. 414 is 5 guineas; it is carried out in lily-of-the-valley-leaf-green crêpe de chine with beige collar and gauntlet cuffs. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that all the gowns are specially designed to last the whole period and are easily adaptable by the wearer as occasion arises. They have an extension of six inches on each side for expansion later on. Fashion's commands are always considered, but at the same time the practical side is never overlooked. Then there are corsets in white coutil with elastic front with three lacings for extension for 12s. 11d. up to 30 in. wide, 31 in. or larger being 14s. 6d.

* * *

Simple Night-dresses.

The Treasure Cot Company also specialise in pretty night-dresses to tie on the shoulder in

tarantulle or chiffonelle; they are 15s. 6d., and in crêpe de chine 35s. Cosy break-fast or dressing jackets are 17s. 6d., and then there are dressing-gowns of fleecy cloth for 36s. 9d., those of ripple cloth being 13s. 9d. To put the matter in a nutshell, this firm supply in a highly satisfactory manner everything for mothers, babies, and children at exceptionally moderate prices, a glance through the



A DESIRABLE SPRING COAT

In which are mirrored Fashion's latest commands. It is carried out in silk romaine and generously trimmed with Russian sable dyed flying fox. At Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W.

profusely-illustrated catalogues sent gratis and post free will convince all and sundry of this fact.

* * *

Fashions in Coats.

Everyone who wants to know about the fashions in coats must at the earliest opportunity visit the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., as in their collection is included representatives from the creations of the notable Parisian *couturiers*. Fashion's commands are becomingly and gracefully mirrored in the *chef d'œuvre* on this page, and what is of equal importance, or perhaps greater, the cut is the acme of perfection. The material chosen is silk romaine, not the ordinary quality, but something very superior. It is generously trimmed with flying fox dyed to suggest Russian sable. The arrangement of the waist-line and the fullness over the hips are of interest. It is to be regretted that it was not possible to give a view of the back, as it is particularly becoming. A fact that cannot be too widely made known is that this firm is making a feature of coats

for 7½ guineas; they are all endowed with individual touches that give to the figure the much-to-be-desired silhouette. Naturally coats of this genre have to be seen to be appreciated. There is another department at this establishment where coats for a few pounds are available; details of these will be found in the new spring catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. A feature is made of evening coats at prices which are pleasantly moderate, and then there are non-committal affairs that may appropriately be worn on many occasions.

* * *

Individual Attention.

Fashions in dress and fashions in corsets are inseparably dovetailed, therefore the entire ensemble is a tragedy unless the dress and the corset be in entire sympathy. Madame Zilva, the well-known expert in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., declares that never has it been more necessary to pay attention to the corset and to the requirements of the individual figure. Her Corslos, which have been designed for every type of figure, have been remodelled, shall I say to suit the silhouette for spring, 1930. Art steps in when Nature fails in "taking care of the bust"—no, there is never any hint of compression. Nature is merely assisted to make the best of herself. Then there is the much-to-be-desired "rounded" hips and waists; well, they may be achieved by all who wear a Corslo that has been selected for them by Madame Zilva. Consideration is likewise given to the diaphragm. For evening wear there are backless Corslos; they give the correct line to each figure. All interested in the subject must write for the brochure, which gives not only particulars of the Corslo but of the belts, corset belts, and *brassières*, all of exalted merit and fulfilling in a most satisfactory manner the mission that is claimed for them.



Photo by Dorothy Wilding

New Faces for Old By ROSITA FORBES

couldn't but agree, for she looked young and happy and delightfully assured.

Privately, I thought it would be a good thing if her sister had the same clever treatment which results in the conviction that one is 20 years younger than one had hitherto imagined and then to my amazement, it wasn't her sister at all but her daughter.

After this I was not surprised to learn that the brisk young attendant, who had the sort of profile one connects with an out-of-door life in the middle twenties, was years older than I am myself.

Of this woman I asked, "Did it hurt?"

"Not a bit," she answered, "I felt nothing at all."

"And there was no discomfort afterwards?"

"None. There never is."

"Will it last?" I asked and Mr. Willi replied, "The chin and eye treatments are permanent, the face treatment may have to be repeated, in ten years say. But at sixty or sixty-five—" He smiled at me again in his curiously youthful way and, as he smiled I thought: "In nineteen-forty something or other, I shall buy myself a new face. It won't cost me much more than a new dress. And I shall tell all my friends about it because it is my conviction that women, whatever their ages, ought to take trouble to look their best—much more trouble than is involved by an hour or so in a comfortable chair talking about the new waist-line!"

After all, even I can remember the days when powder and lip-salve were considered immoral and a permanent wave one of women's Seven Deadly Secrets.

In those days the imprints of time were regarded as a dispensation of Providence, but Mr. Willi has reduced the years to a series of accidents which can be avoided by a little commonsense. That is why, having studied the admirable work he is doing for my sex, I advise every woman who dislikes looking at herself in a sidelight, to go to him at once.

Don't hesitate. You wouldn't wear last year's hats, so why wear last year's wrinkles?

Rosita Forbes

Mr. Willi's consulting rooms are at the Hystogen Institute, 40 Baker Street, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: Welbeck 5846.

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Air Disarmament.

ON the day on which I drew attention in these notes to the futility of a disarmament conference that took no notice of aircraft, Sir Samuel Hoare, speaking at the 1912 Club, referred to exactly the same thing. The figures he quoted pricked the bubble pacification that has been blown to such an enormous size by the pseudo-idealistic breath of American oratory. Since 1925, said Sir Samuel Hoare, Great Britain's air expenditure had been reduced by 10 per cent., while the air expenditure of America, the land that invented pacifism and peace conferences, had risen by 140 per cent.

It is typical of the hypocrisy that afflicts the more powerful civilisations that they can use the cause of peace as an excuse for trying to deprive smaller countries of the kind of weapons they would require in war while themselves continuing to produce the weapons which they believe to be most deadly. They inveigh against other people's warships and forget their own aircraft and poison gas. They are jealous of military power. Yet they like to pretend that they ignore it.

The motive for much pacifism is hatred of one's neighbours. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, in a preface he has written to a recently published book, suggests that the peoples of the civilised world are learning to hate one another with increasing intensity. "Man has begun," he says, "to be overwhelmingly conscious of the repulsiveness of his neighbour, particularly of the physical repulsiveness. There it is, in James Joyce,

in Aldous Huxley, in André Gide, in modern Italian novels like 'L'Amore'—in all the very modern novels, the dominant note is the repulsiveness of intimate physical repulsiveness of human flesh."

Until some attempt is made to limit the really modern weapons of war such as aircraft and poison gas, disarmament conferences, unfortunately, must be looked upon either as *stages* set to permit the politicians to strut before their electors or as cunning devices for weakening the defences of potential opponents. Sir Samuel Hoare was right in suggesting the limitation of aircraft-carriers and of bombing aircraft. The complete abolition would be a blessing and would be possible in a few years' time. But in view of the 140 per cent. increase in America's air expenditure, and our

10 per cent. decrease, before we make a further move to see if America could not be persuaded to be as peacefully inclined in weapons of the future as the Naval Conference has shown her to be in weapons of the past.

* Leicestershire Aero Club.

THE Leicestershire Aero Club is one of the most progressive in the country. Already its membership has increased to 225 including fifty-six pilot members. One of their machines, the *Quorn*, has done 212 hr. 55 min. flying since it was commissioned on September 13 last year to January 31 this year. The Leicestershire Club's Pageant, which I hear the R.A.F. will assist, will take place on April 1. Meanwhile the Club's president, Mr. Lindsay Everard, has ordered a three-seater light aeroplane and has established his own private flying ground near his house at Ratcliffe. The Club's first annual ball will be held on March 4.



THE ABERDEEN AERO CLUB DINNER

J. W. Stridgen

The first dinner held by this club was a big success, and took place at the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen. The club members are keenness itself to a man and a woman, and the future prospects of the brightest. The names in this group, left to right, are: Mr. J. G. Walton (Hon. Sec.), Major G. Moore, D.S.O. (Vice-Chairman), Captain Gregory, R.N., Lord Sempill, Baillie Catty, Major G. G. Nicol, D.S.O. (Chairman), Colonel the Master of Sempill, A.F.C., Lady Sempill, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Nicol, the Hon. Margaret Forbes Sempill, and Major Usher.

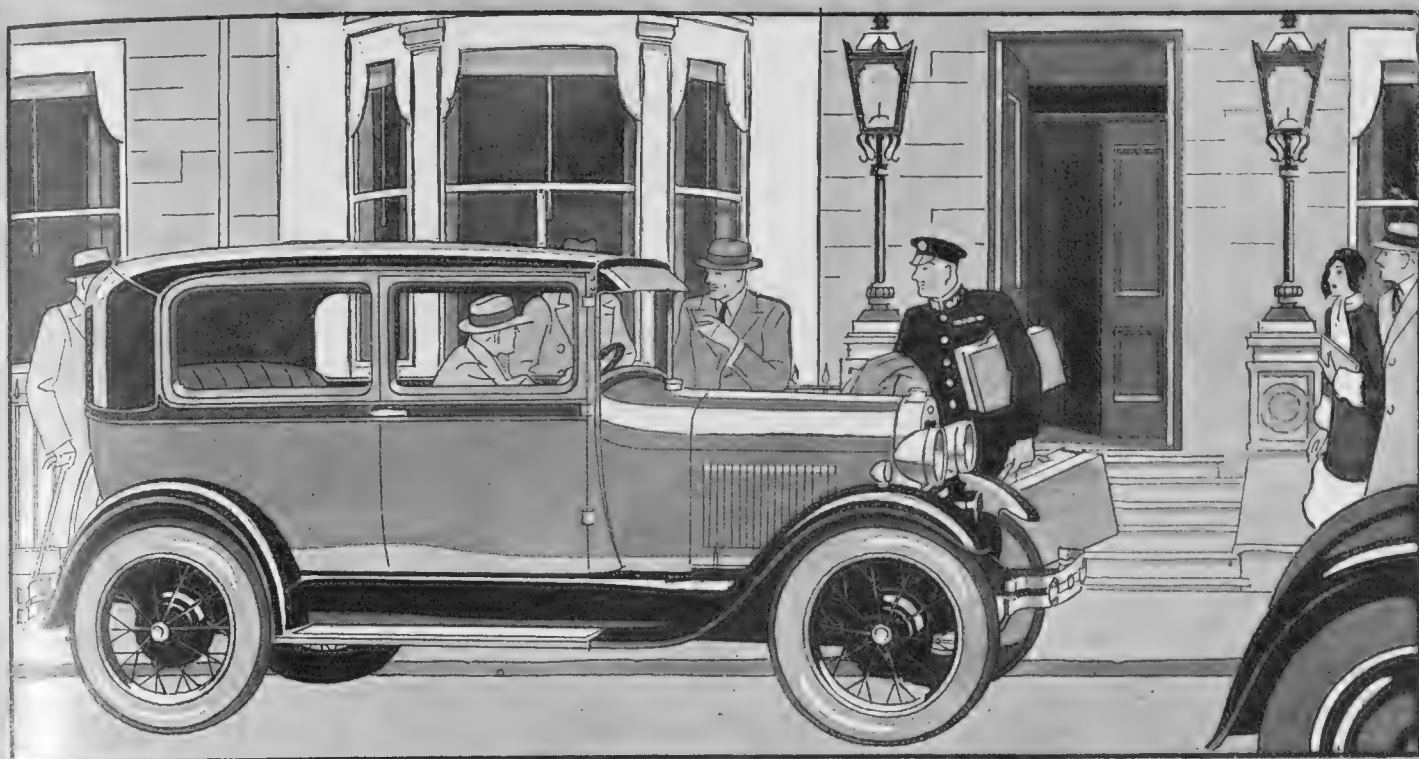


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Ford Motor Company Limited is one of the leading industrial organizations in Great Britain and a large employer of skilled labour.

Plans were perfected in 1911 to make the Ford car entirely in England. Progress has been continuous, and the present beautiful model is practically all made in England by British workmen.

Demand for the Ford throughout the British Isles calls for larger production. At Dagenham, on the Thames, Europe's largest motor car works is now being built—the Ford works of the future. This modern plant is expected to employ 20,000 men.

There are Ford dealers throughout Britain, each a specialist in helping Ford owners to enjoy safe, dependable motoring over an increasing period of years.

with the car, others come from causes hidden from all but the microscope—as, for example, the uses of fine steel.

In 1905 the Ford organization made use of a new

alloy that multiplied the tensile strength of steel by three. In the new car this development is carried further.

More than forty different kinds of steel are used, each for the part to which it can add new strength and durability.

For dependable long life.

This proper use of fine steel contributes to reliability on the road, to strength and safety at all speeds, and to long and useful life.

Such engineering policies carried throughout the car and the painstaking care to all details of comfort and economy give to the Ford car a value far above the price.



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London & Manchester

From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

From the Fernie

Deferred frost has permitted us several good days in the saddle of late, those out at Stonton Wyville on Friday having a capital ride in wake of hounds who covered the big pastures between Glooston and Rolleston. A typical bit of high Leicestershire far from the madding crowd. The fox went to ground at Stonton. After a week-end of frost hunting was doubtful on the Monday at Bruntingthorpe, but Peaker brought on the pack and the Masters decided to proceed. The going turned out good, and two rousing scurries from the Balls put everyone in good fettle. Lord and Lady Digby, from the Cattistock, and Lady Alexandra Haig were amongst our visitors. A day with basset hounds is a useful adjunct to the fox-hunter. Major Heseltine, one of our best over a country, has a beautiful pack in the Walhampton, who hunt the hare over portions of the Fernie territory. Those who wish to see the real science of hunting would be well advised to try wind and limb under the courtesy of the Master of the Walhampton. They ran for three hours on Tuesday. The remote hamlet of Gaulby saw a brilliant assembly on Thursday, Quorn and Pytchley sending a full quota of hard riders. The Greenalls, Cotterills, and de Pret amongst others from the former, while Captain Lucas, M.F.H. of the Woodland, and Captain "Bobby" Jenkinson showed up well for the latter. Sport was good and the conditions of the pleasantest. A nice hunt to the Coplow from Norton Gorse fizzled out in the Houghton Vale.

From the Heythrop

Before alluding to the events of the week we would like to say how extremely sorry we were to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Taylor of Rignell Hall on Monday the 10th. He was a staunch supporter of the hunt, and his covert at Rignell seldom failed. Exactly a week before his death he was out hunting with us and was enjoying as much as anyone the good sport that his foxes gave us. We deeply sympathise with his widow and family in their great sorrow. Owing to the sharp frost we were unable to hunt on Monday at Chipping Norton, and so we met there on Tuesday instead, when only a small field turned out. Some people, who might otherwise have been there, were just a little grieved that they had not been told of this decision, but naturally it is a Herculean task to let everyone know. A very enjoyable day followed, in which the chief incident was the young lady who, when her horse came to a "full stop," went on alone like an "inverted comma." She should join a Voluntary Aid Detachment. Wednesday, at Barton Gate, was another good day. In attempting to get to his hounds, our huntsman put out to sea in some

floods, which did not bear him far, as he was capsized in a hidden dyke and was completely swamped. However, the heat of the chase, which culminated in a kill, soon warmed the dampness of his ardour. Friday, owing to the fog, was *dies non*. After wandering many miles hoping the fog would lift we were sent home. Saturday was a "good" day in more senses than one, for it was good to know after the annual hunt meeting that our very popular Masters were good for another season and we hope, many more to come. Then followed a good day in the Garcombe Vale. There were a lot of people out and there were a lot of people down, and not a few both down and out.

From Lincolnshire

Those fiends to the "Sport of Kings"—fog and frost—coming rather late in the season, have been a serious menace during the week, and followers of at least one pack were relegated to a state of *dolce far niente* much to their chagrin. Those who threw in their lot with the Brocklesby on their Swallow Cross-roads day (February 14) were rewarded for their patience, for when they could see through the "smoke-screen," hounds went away on a Riby Bratland's fox, and ran with delightful freedom to the osiers near Grimston Waterworks, where "Charles" knew of an underground asylum. A seven-mile point and fifty-five minutes of the best. Those out with the Blankney from Alnwick (February 13) witnessed some exciting scenes when a wry-necked fox took them bang into the village of Ewerby. He dodged about here, there, and everywhere, scaring some infantile swifto to distraction in his efforts to discover shelter in a pigsty. His position was untenable, and getting clear at length he continued to Kirby Laythorpe, where hounds effected the *coup de grace*.

From the York and Ainsty

The Northerners met at Whixley on Thursday (13th), and after spending the morning in the premier baron's domains, had a capital two hours' hunt, with a 5½-mile point, from Aldborough Brickyard through Copgrove and Bishop Monkton. The South were at Skelton the same day, where Nancy and John entertained us, and Mattie carried the trumpet for the first time; there was never much scent, though hounds caught a fox in the Low Carr, and had slow hunts from Suet Carr and later from New Parks. The Aughton day, with David hunting the brick pack, was bitterly cold with snow at times; the first twenty minutes from Ellerton Thorns were quite good fun though rather too much for certain pillars of the Holderness, and there was a rumour of a serious mishap to the Cuirassier's charger which we hope isn't true.

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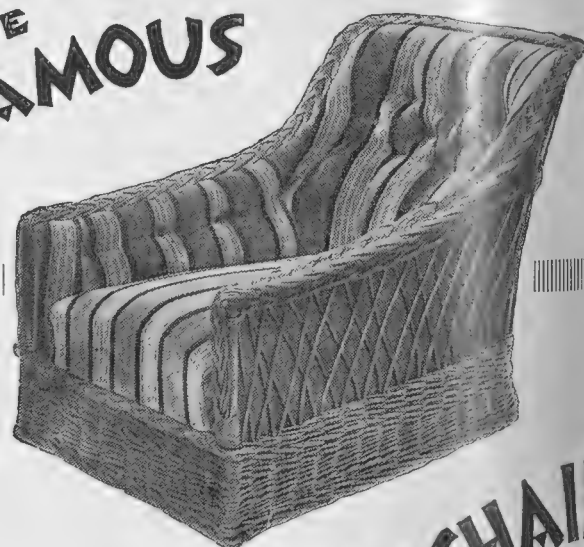
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Genuine "Varsity" Chairs are only obtainable from Minty's of Oxford

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Weddings and

March Weddings.

March 3 is the date arranged for the wedding between Mr. I. C. Raftesath of Kenya Colony and Miss Mary Valerie Baker, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baker, Gate Pa, Tauranga, New Zealand, late of Great Holland, Essex, and it will take place at Nakuru, Kenya Colony; and on March 20, Flight-Lieutenant G. P. H. Carter and Miss Ester Macandrew of Aisthorpe, Inverness, are being married at the Garrison Church, Moascar, Ismailia, Egypt.

In Australia.

Mr. Wilfred Edward Campion, who is the younger son of Colonel Sir William and Lady Campion of Danny, Sussex, is marrying Miss Nizza Laura Sarell, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sarell of 33, Ventnor Avenue, Perth, Western Australia, on April 23, at St. Mary's Church, Perth, Australia.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Maurice G. O. Hill, 1st Battalion the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, third son of Mr. James Hill, Lambourne House, Bagshot, and Miss Mary Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McAusland Mackenzie,

Mr. Amos Sanders of Pengkalon, Bukit Estate, Muar Johore, and Miss Marjorie Young, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Young of Finchley, were married recently

fortunately she was described as Miss Lottie Soutry. We wish to express our regret to Miss Soutry for any inconvenience our mistake may have caused her.

Engagements

Villa Assynt, Cagnes-sur-Mer, France, and Rangouet Dr. Leslie Williams, M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gill Williams of Newport, Mr. and Miss Patrice Conron, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ronayne Conron and niece of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ronayne Conron of Coombe Nevile, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill; Captain V. Horace Wells, late the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, only surviving of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. Lake Wells, C.I.E., R.E. and Mrs. Wells, and Miss Beryl Olga Hannen, daughter of Mr. Lance Hannen, C.B.E., and Mrs. Hannen of 11A, Portland Place, W.; Mr. Kenneth Sidney Smith, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sidney Smith, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Smith, and Miss Barbara Schreiber, second daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Schreiber, C.E., and Mrs. Schreiber.

A Correction.

In our issue of February 12 we published a photograph of Miss Lovice Adèle Soutry on this page, but unfortunately she was described as Miss Lottie Soutry. We wish to express our regret to Miss Soutry for any inconvenience our mistake may have caused her.

MISS ELIZABETH SUTTON

Whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Ronald M. C. Sutton, is the youngest daughter of the late Major-General Hugh C. Sutton and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Sutton



Paul Tanqueray

MRS. G. MINTON HAINES

Who before her marriage on February 1 to Mr. Geoffrey Minton Haines was Miss Eileen O'Neill Atkinson, the only daughter of Mr. Cyril Atkinson, K.C., M.P., and Mrs. Atkinson



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As the winter is now well advanced we advise those who are contemplating garden improvements and wish to enjoy them this summer to consult us at once.

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Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.

To enjoy life you need Health

It is not necessarily cocktail-parties and late nights which ask of our constitutions that extra effort which our grandparents knew not. It's the daily round that none can avoid. It is an existence which is made up of fast travelling, hurried meals, wireless, telephones, aeroplanes and a hundred complications by which we aggregate more in a day than our counterparts of fifty years ago were able to do in a week, that raises difficulties. The Human System is, however, much the same. Given a fair chance, it will do its job as well as it did for our forbears—perhaps even better. That is, if it is treated properly and given a fair chance.

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to get the full benefit from your pleasures. Ready-prepared foods rob the human system of the essential nourishment necessary to keep you fit and well. Every one of us needs to supplement our normal diet in order to correct these deficiencies. ROBOLEINE, which is concentrated nourishment, supplies all the vitamins the body requires to maintain vigorous health.

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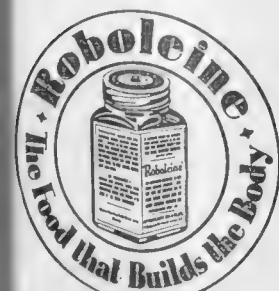
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Not a minute of your time is wasted with meaningless, "general" treatment. Are you looking for a waistline to match your newest frock? It will be found for you—and quickly, too—by means of special exercises Miss Arden has evolved for just this purpose

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There is no guess-work—all is sure and accurate. If you faithfully adhere to Miss Arden's counsel, the unfailing outcome will be a smooth, translucent skin, a throat young and firm, and a body curving where it should and yet lithe as a flame

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Priscilla in Paris—continued.

personalities whose presence needs no voucher; he therefore passed the Cerberus at the foot of the staircase with his hands in his pockets and a friendly grin on his amusing, wizened little face. Quite! BUT, friend Sem, what we want to know is, who's the lady? WHO used your card that was discovered later bearing the obviously added prefix of "Mme"!!! Great excitement, O Sem. Has another confirmed bachelor gone to his doom?

It was fun to see the cool indifference with which Jean Patou's very lovely mannequins wore the gorgeous jewels that were loaned for the occasion by Van Cleef and Arpels. There were millions of francs' worth of "cracked ice" and "oyster excrescences" in the most lovely platinum settings. They carried them as carelessly as the mere junk that was so fashionable a couple of seasons ago, and the custodians of these treasures became quite hot in the collar to see how disdainfully they discarded their bracelets, brooches, clasps, and necklaces in the little ante-chamber, where the portable strong-boxes were stored.

I always think that a really beautiful mannequin is a most fascinating creature to watch. She—or it?—is so supremely certain of her incontestable superiority, and does so completely reduce the rest of the world to the condition of being nothing but a nasty smell. I should make a hopelessly bad fashion reporter, for though I could accurately state where the tawny-eyed one wore her beauty-spot and the yellow-haired minx her dimple, I should be quite incapable of stating the cut of the garments that revealed those charms. I can hardly take my eyes from their beautiful little faces, their perfectly groomed little heads, and the curves of their disdainful lips hold me spell-bound. What are they like when they are off duty? But perhaps they never go off duty? I can imagine Patou putting them away every night in ivory boxes inlaid with jade and lined with rose petals!—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MR. ERNEST THESIGER

Glanfield

The latest portrait of the famous actor, who took the part of Cosmo Penny in Mr. Benn Levy's new play "The Devil," all about the dire failure of this gentleman in tempting people to do as they hadn't oughter. It was produced at the Arts Theatre not long ago

Pictures in the Fire—continued.

My deeply lamented friend, the late Captain "Gentleman" Hay, author of all those excellent books on everything that has to do with horses, and how to buy, ride, and sell them (perhaps) was one of the most eloquent I have ever heard at this sort of thing. "The Gentleman" was one of those who would charm a bird off a tree, and that in a fatherly manner with him which was worth anything from a fiver to tenners on the selling price. His method was start crabbing the horse's best points. The intending (or not) purchaser was then certain to say, "Oh, but I think he's very good in front," and the Gentleman would then move behind the saddle, as the case might be, just to show his "larning," so to speak. "The Gentleman" of course came back at him and said:

"Well, me bhoys, if you can stand his shoulder (or his hocks, or his anything) take 'um away, there's no such shaped horse in the wide world. This trick was not new even in old Hayes' time, but he was one of its greatest performers. Alas poor Horace, when shall we look upon your again!

One more little story of this interesting thing, the barter and sale of the horse. The scene was the last Dublin Show, and the lot in the ring before the judging began was "hunters up 15 stone and upwards."

A little lady well known for her mastery of the art of showing, and for her wheedling when it came to a deal, was riding a chestnut horse which would make a prehistoric mammoth look rather like a mangy mouse, put him up at the ringside and accosting a friendly rival dealer, no less—said in the hope of getting a kind word out of him:

"And what do you think of me pony, that? What weight would ye say he's up to?"

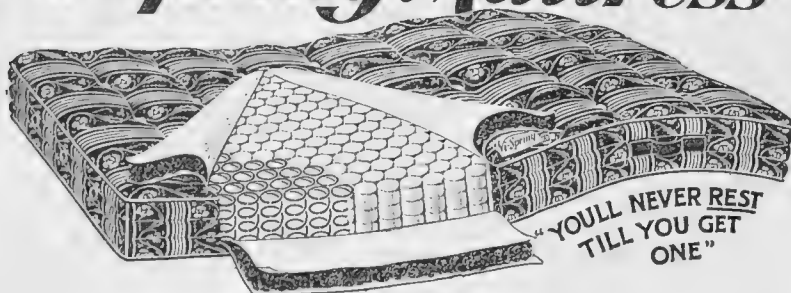
The candid friend stopped chewing his tobacco for a few seconds, and then said:

"In a cart, about a ton!"

*It's so
luxuriously
comfortable!*

Only those who have slept upon a "Vi-Spring" can really appreciate the luxurious comfort of this fine overlay mattress. Full of soft, resilient springs the "Vi-Spring" imparts a sense of exquisite comfort that has earned for it the honest title of "The Best for Rest."

*The
Vi-Spring Mattress*



See Stand No. 48, Ground Floor, Main Hall, Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, March 24—April 17.

Sold by all leading House Furnishers. Write, or 'phone Willesden 2348 for Illustrated Catalogue describing the Vi-Spring Mattress, sent post free.

THE MARSHALL PATENT MATTRESS CO., LTD.
41, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, N.W. 10.



Avoid Gout

THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins Natural Mineral Water have won for it world-wide fame in the treatment of gout and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and proven defence against gout, diabetes and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CELESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
London, S.E.1.



THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

**Gossard Corsets
Achieve
the
Ultimate
in
Figure
Beauty**

Here's a suggestion of both Grecian and Empire periods in the new formal Silhouettes, necessitating a graceful, sculptured figure. Gossard foundations bring naturally beautiful and graceful lines to the figure, accentuating the smart lines of a frock by giving the figure to graceful feminine lines.

They wear with surprising strength, are easy to adjust and are quick to launder.

Model 1002.—GOSSARD Front Lacing Corset made of beautiful French Batiste in pink. Sections of Charmosette elastic ensure perfect diaphragm control. For average to full figures. Sizes 26 to 36.

PRICE **47/6**

We invite you to write for a copy of our Illustrated Catalogue, together with name of nearest Gossard distributor.



THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO. LTD., 168, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
(WHOLESALE ONLY.)

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

At the general meeting at Cruft's various matters of interest to members were discussed, and Lady Howe, as chairman of the Show Committee, explained the difficulty as regards finding a suitable venue for our two shows. Owing to the fact that Olympia is booked up for several years ahead, and as it is far the most suitable and central place available in London, we have to take the dates that we can get. She also explained the impossibility of a large show, with its variety classes and specials, being got through in one day with any decency and comfort. Members who have not to deal personally with these matters do not always realise the fact of the difficulty of securing places in central districts, suitable for a large, or for that matter, a small show. Our Members' Show has quite outgrown a small hall, and large halls are not always available. Olympia is undoubtedly the most suitable place in London for a big show, both on account of the size and convenience of the hall itself and its accessibility.



BLACK COCKER

The property of Miss Bruce-Smith



AIREDALE

The property of Miss Bruce-Smith

Our members' room was made good use of the second day of Cruft's. One of the features of Cruft's Show was the enormous entry of Cocker, which it took Mr. Scott, working hard all the time, till well on in the second day to get through. Popularity of the Cocker shows no signs of diminishing, and he is one of the most frequently met of all dogs; a breed which goes to the top and stays there must have inherited good qualities to recommend it, and the Cocker is no exception. He is affectionate and cheerful in disposition, very intelligent, equally at home out shooting and in the sitting-room, and also an extremely handsome dog. What can you want more?

There are signs of great activities in pug circles these days no one is fat and pugs have followed the fashion, as they were once, because pugs are rather aristocratic little dogs, liking to be in the fashion. The modern pug is a compact, active little dog, and though quite pleased with his meals, he has other pleasures besides those of the table. Miss Graham Weall is one of their staunchest supporters, and she has sent a photograph of her Phidgity Popinjay, who has done so well, taken when she was seven months old. Miss Graham Weall has two young dogs for sale, seven and eight months old, strong and healthy.

Any letters addressed to me, Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadman, Southampton, will be forwarded.



PHIDGITY POPINJAY

AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with 'Nell Gwynn' Decorative Candles.

Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape, and the clarity with which they burn.

In drawing room, hall or study, their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table, they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.

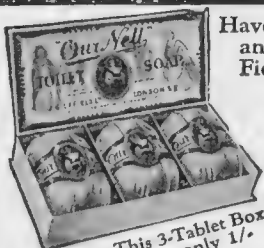


FIELD'S

"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles for Burning and Decorating

FREE : A booklet, "Lights of Other Days," will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "T," London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.



Have a beautiful complexion and use Field's

"Our Nell"
4d. Per TABLET

A Toilet Soap, Fragrant Perfume and Complexion Cream in one. You really should try it.

Aldwych

This 3-Tablet Box costs only 1/-



NOSE stopped up?

It's so simple to get rid of that uncomfortable sensation. Just use Glyco-Thymoline as directed with a spray. Your nose will be quite clear in a few minutes! The stuffiness was really caused by an irritation of the mucous membrane (the delicate lining of your nose, throat and stomach, etc.). Glyco-Thymoline soothes and heals it. Doctors prescribe it for such conditions. In fact, Glyco-Thymoline sold for 25 years on their recommendation alone!

It is well to take a little care in buying to see that you really do get Glyco-Thymoline. Something that sounds like Glyco-Thymoline may not act like Glyco-Thymoline. Pronounce the "y's" as in "sky."

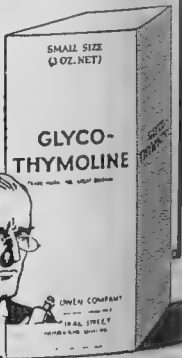
INSIST UPON THE GENUINE

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

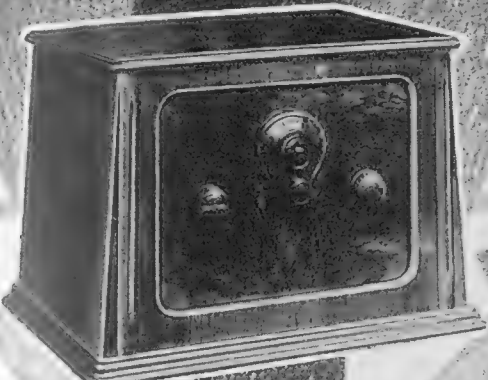
Thos. Christy & Co.
4/12 Old Swan Lane
London, E.C.4

At all Chemists
1/10 3/8 7/6

The Prescription your Physician writes



VARLEY



SETS THAT WILL LIVE!

—because VARLEY radio is itself a living thing—because as you listen to the broadcast you can detect no difference from the living reality of speech or music—because of its range, volume, tonal quality and selectivity you can pick and choose your own programmes—because you want simplicity and reliability, and with VARLEY all you have to do is to plug into the electric mains and listen—because in design it is years ahead of anything else obtainable to-day—and lastly because of beautiful finish Varley Radio Receivers and Radio Gramophones satisfy the most critical taste.

Your Radio dealer stocks Varley—ask him for a demonstration and satisfy yourself.

Section A of the 1930 Catalogue gives full particulars.

ALL-ELECTRIC 2-VALVE RECEIVER (A.C. or D.C.) 16 GNS.
Marconi Royalty 15/- extra.

ALL-ELECTRIC 3-VALVE RECEIVER (A.C. or D.C.) 25 GNS.
Marconi Royalty 20/- extra.

For
RADIO
MANUFACTURE

Varley

Advertisement of Oliver Pell Control Ltd., Kingsway House, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Holborn 5303.

FEELS PERFECTLY FIT



Miss Alison Leggat,
now playing in "Nine Till Six" at
the Apollo Theatre, W., writes :—

"**F**EW audiences ever realise the strain experienced by an actress who plays a part night after night with the same amount of vitality as if the events of the piece were really happening for the first time. After the play has been running for some time I feel that I am losing all my vitality and getting nervy and tired. A friend advised me to try Phosferine Brand Tonic, and ever since then I have felt perfectly fit!"

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

- | | | | |
|---------------|--------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Influenza | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Nerve Shock |
| Debility | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis | Malaria |
| Indigestion | Weak Digestion | Faintness | Rheumatism |
| Sleeplessness | Mental Exhaustion | Brain Fag | Headache |
| Exhaustion | Loss of Appetite | Anæmia | Sciatica |

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.
PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.
Supersedes all old-fashioned salts—It Tones as it Cleanses!

Alawych

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The Freedom of the City of London has been conferred at the Guildhall upon Colonel J. S. Matthew, C.M.G., D.S.O., one of the senior officials of the Dunlop Rubber Company, following upon his admission to the Freedom and Livery of the Worshipful Company of Wheelwrights.



THE HOME OF THE EXILE

The above picture depicts Longwood Old House on the Island of St. Helena, which was Napoleon's home from October, 1815, to May, 1821. It was here that the Great Little Corporal died, and the house has been restored to resemble, as far as possible, its appearance in 1815. A bust of Napoleon, from a cast taken immediately after his death, stands on the spot once occupied by his bed. The Government of St. Helena has only just lifted the ban on the importation of motor cars, and an Austin-Seven is the first motor vehicle to be used in the narrow streets.

The new Freeman (who is well-known in the motor-car, commercial vehicle, and aero industries), has been responsible for improvements in wheels and motor-car carriage-work. Twenty years ago he introduced the present-day system of four-wheel brakes and the single sleeve-valve engine. Before the War he was a military member of three Territorial Associations (the City of Glasgow, City of Edinburgh, and County of Lanark), and he was awarded the Territorial decoration in 1913. Shortly after mobilisation, when adequate provision of transport was a

problem, he raised several units of horse and mechanical transport, which he was thanked by the Army Council. During the War he was four times mentioned in despatches and was awarded the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Distinguished Service Order, and the Order of the White Eagle with Swords.

PETROL VAPOUR—continued.

Something to Read.

It is only on rare occasions that I recommend people to write brochures and pamphlets issued by producers of goods who are impelled to write a story about them. But I cheerfully make an exception in the case of "Achievements of 1929," published by the house of Walfield. I don't mind admitting that I read this little thing through from cover to cover. It dealt admirably with events on land, on the track,

the road, on the sand, in the air, in and on the water, and seemed to me to cover all the worth-while things that were done last year. I have certainly never seen anything as good of its kind, still less anything better. To the enthusiast for movement and motion it is quite indispensable. As indispensable, indeed, it would appear as the oil which bears the name of the publishers.



A SINGER JUNIOR IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

In the background is the statue of Jan Pieterszoon Coen, founder of Batavia, which stands on Waterloo Square at Weltevreden.

Warwick Wright Says

WHAT CONSTITUTES A 1930 CAR?

STUTZ incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since.

Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

All these great points are in the STUTZ and the BLACK HAWK.

150 NEW BOND ST.
W. 1. (Mayfair 2504)

**YOUR NEXT
CALL!**

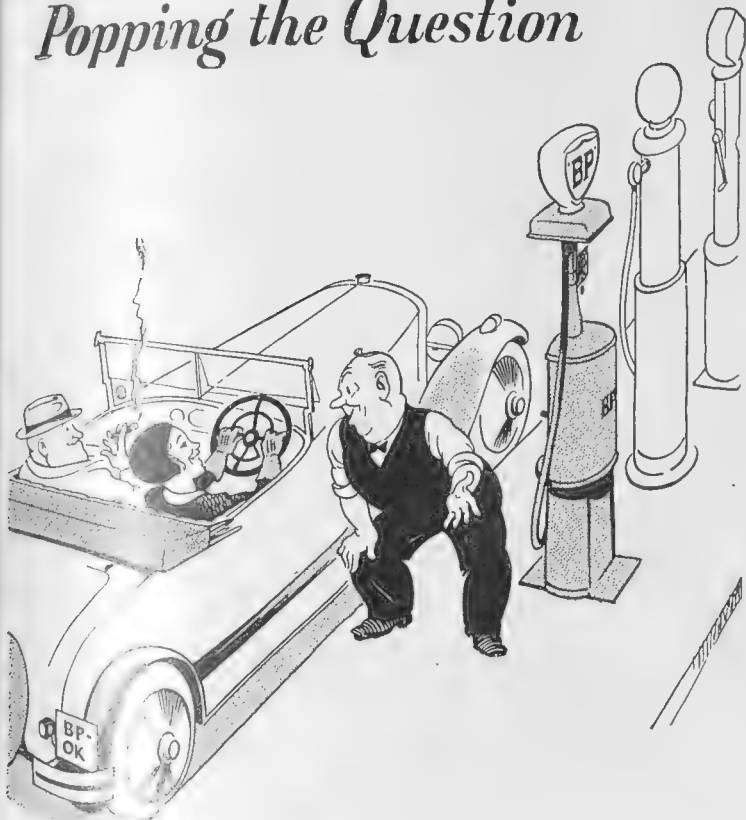


**THE LEADERS OF
FASHION IN DECORATION**



Popular Phrases Illustrated

Popping the Question



When the man pops the question to me
I keep as composed as can be
And never feel shy,
For, of course, the reply
That a lady should make is "BP"!



Puts New Life into Your Car

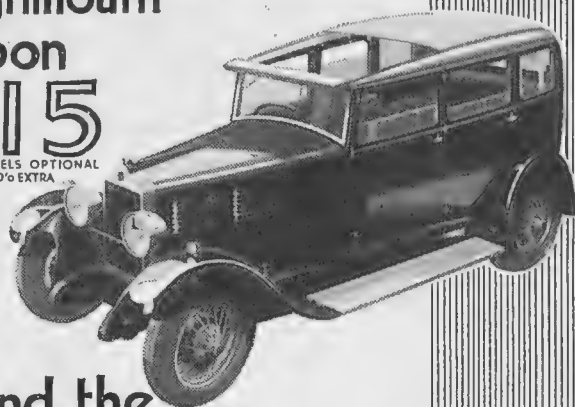
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co. Ltd, Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation

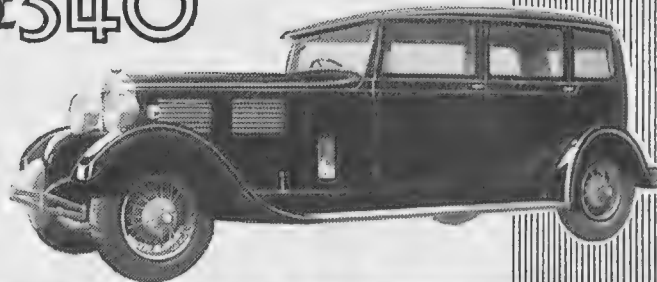


the all-British
Standard 'Nine'
Teignmouth
Saloon
£215

WIRE WHEELS OPTIONAL
£7'10" EXTRA



... and the
two litre, six cylinder
ENVOY
£340



The All-British
Standard

THE dissipation of energies, whether they be physical or mental, makes a short cut to failure; concentration, on the other hand, leads straight to success.

That is why the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., have decided to concentrate the whole of their organisation on the production of two famous models—the '9' and the 6-cyl. Each of these two models is offered by the manufacturers with supreme confidence, and the demand that each is already enjoying is a clear proof that the public, too, have quickly assessed their merits.

... but remember, concentration, where the Standard is concerned, does not mean "mass-production"—there will still be that "craftsmanship" construction with every model Standard produced, and which has always been inseparably associated with all Standard cars.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist. Drop us a line to-day.

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley Works, Coventry.

Artistic Jewellery for All Occasions

From Crown to Heel.

Women who regard fashion with the seriousness that it deserves always study their own figures. It is a good plan to proceed from the crown to the heel. It is by no means a simple matter to adjust clothes and jewellery to the different figures which Nature gives. The neck-line must first be considered, and the most attractive manner of wearing the Crysia pearls and other necklaces whose artistic salons are 109, New Bond Street, London, W., and 239, Rue St. Honoré, Paris. Before discussing the arrangement of these ornaments something must be said regarding the marvellous beauty of the gems themselves.

Think of the Pearls of the Orient.

Think of the pearls of the Orient and then study the Crysia pearls; they have the same "orient," which is a technical word denoting lustrous depth and iridescence. Then think of the diamonds, of the rubies, of the green flame of the emeralds; every stone in the world is perfectly reproduced in the Crysia laboratories, and set by hand in exactly the same way as real stones. And the settings are of gold, sterling silver, and platinum, designed by craftsmen with every secret of the jeweller's art at their finger-tips.

Reproductions of Rose Quartz.

The vogue for bead necklaces every day becomes more pronounced, so Crysia have created necklaces of beads which are exact reproductions of rose quartz, amber, lapis lazuli, and cornelian. They have been cut and treated in such a manner that whenever they are seen they create enthusiasm. The woman with a short fat neck must never wear



Photograph—Blake Studios

A woman attains a reputation for being well dressed when her jewellery is appropriate for the occasion. The artistic merits of the Crysia jewellery is unrivalled and so are the Crysia diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls

anything of the choker genre. Her necklace must be loose with rather large beads. As a matter of fact the ideal necklace for her is one of Crysia pearls which encircles the column of the throat twice very loosely, while a third string should extend nearly to the bust line. Women with swan-like necks ever wish to detract an inch from its height; this can be done by a choker collar that is rather tight. Small pearls and beads suit a slight woman, while a woman of generous proportions needs something more dignified.

Alliance of Crysia Emeralds and Diamonds.

The jewellers of to-day, like Josephine's dressmaker, go back many centuries in order to discover something sufficiently old that with their aid may appear new. For instance, the lovely pendant illustrated, in which Crysia emeralds and diamonds are present, in design is not unlike the frontal of the ornament with which the Babylonian men used to keep their headcloths in place. Note the grace and elegance of the chain which supports it. The fount of the inspiration of the Crysia diamond ear-rings is the same. The shoulder brooch is of Crysia diamonds too; they scintillate with every movement of the wearer. In the days of the Pharaohs rings were fashioned of pottery, to-day Crysia emeralds and diamonds take the place of the carved pottery, signets, the *pièces de résistance* of these old-world rings.

Bracelets that are Different.

There is a severity about the bracelets to-day that is very attractive. The one seen in the illustration nearest the wrist is entirely composed of Crysia diamonds, white sapphire baguettes, and real carved onyx, an ideal triple alliance. All interested in the subject of beautiful jewellery must write to Crysia, 109, New Bond Street, W., for the interesting brochure.

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

(Inexpensive Millinery Department, Ground Floor)



Attractive Hat in Panamalque lined linen, a copy of an Alphonsine model. In black lined pink, navy lined rose opaline, and brown lined beige or melon. Price 73/6

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1.



...and so to Bath with

Wright's Coal Tar Soap. How quickly it chases away tiredness and sets you all aglow with vigour! And how certainly it guards your health, killing all germs and protecting from risks of infection!

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP


Best for the Bath

6d. per Tablet.

Both Size, 10d.

Streets 130

Allenburys'
The Progressive
System of
Infant
Feeding



Start with 'Allenburys' No. 1. Milk Food.
After 3 months give 'Allenburys' No. 2 Milk Food.
At the end of 6 months change to 'Allenburys' No. 3 Malt Food.
You will then have provided for your baby the most scientific available alternative to natural feeding.

Every mother should have a copy of 'Infant Feeding and Management.'

COUPON

LEN & HANBURY LTD.
37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3. TAT.

be pleased to receive, free of charge, a copy of the 'Allenburys' book 'Infant Feeding and Management' and a 4-lb. sample of Food.
Her Baby's age is.....

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
(Debenhams Ltd.)
VERE ST. AND OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCKS



Kathleen
"KATHLEEN" — Fashionable Two-Piece TEA FROCK made in the new Nottingham Lace and mounted over crêpe-de-chine, possessing the sleeveless tunic effect in the bodice and the full skirt, also the small coatee to wear as desired. In a large range of colours, also black.
Special Price 7½ Gns.
O.S. 21/- extra.

Zena
"ZENA" — Charming Two-Piece TEA FROCK made in floral chiffon or georgette mounted over crêpe-de-chine, having the sleeveless underdress and the small detachable coatee, finished self belt and buckle. In good assortment of colourings.
Special Price 8½ Gns.

Celia
"CELIA" — Attractive TEA FROCK made in good quality crêpe-de-chine, cut on long fashionable lines, having the entire gown trimmed with self picot edged frills, and the narrow belt at the higher waist-line. In good variety of colourings.
Special Price £5.19.6

Moyra
"MOYRA" — Attractive TEA FROCK made in good quality crêpe-de-chine with the adaptable tie-over bodice showing the self V at neck and the semi-circular flounced skirt. In combination of colourings.
Special Price 98/6



"The Antiquary"
FINE OLD SCOTCH LIQUEUR WHISKY
Cream of Scotland

In the clubs, hotels, restaurants of the West-End of London and in similar places elsewhere, you will find always people of taste, of discrimination, of sound judgment in all things. And in these places you will find *The "Antiquary" Scotch Whisky*—what more need be said?

Make THE "ANTIQUARY" your Home Whisky.

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write for name of nearest agent to:—
J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH.

Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, London, S.W. 1, plead for one whom the neighbours describe as a "very brave woman."



Nicholas Murray

MISS FREIDA INESCOURT

Who after a successful appearance in "Major Barbara," and as Liza in "Pygmalion" in New York, was selected by the Theatre Guild, to play Corinthia in "The Apple Cart" on February 24

Some years ago her husband died and she was left with two young sons. They are nice boys, well worth the superhuman efforts she made to bring them up and educate them. Now they are fourteen and eleven years old, and Bernard, the elder, has been very ill, and so has given his mother many expenses. To make matters worse her health broke down last October, and she could not keep on her post. Now she is better and searching for work, but debts are a millstone round her neck and she cannot free herself from them. Her landlord has been very forbearing, so have the neighbouring tradesmen, but they must be paid this quarter. The boy, Bernard, is starting work in a good firm, and does not need the home at his back. Ten pounds would clear the debts and give both boys a good start in life. Please let us help this courageous mother?

One of the most fascinating things about stamp collecting is the sudden jump which sometimes occurs in the value of certain stamps. Specimens, seemingly quite common will leap into the category of rare almost overnight, with a correspondingly spectacular increase in their cash value. Actually, all stamps tend to increase in value the longer they are kept.

No matter how undistinguished a collection may be considered, it is said that within twenty or thirty years its value will have increased enormously. A vast collection of Colonial and Foreign stamps is now being distributed by Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., who are enclosing two stamps with each packet of Turf cigarettes. Even those who are not interested in stamps as stamps might do worse than collect as many as they can of these, and save them as a sort of heirloom nest-egg.

An Ice Carnival in aid of Westminster Hospital, the Westminster Nursing Committee, and the City of Westminster Philanthropic Society will be held at the Ice Club, Grosvenor Road, on February 27, from 9 p.m. till 2 a.m. Exhibitions by amateur champions and other prominent skaters are among the many attractions of the Carnival. Tickets, which are 2 guineas each (members of the Ice Club 1 guinea), including supper and the right to skate, may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, The Ice Club, 20, Grosvenor Road, S.W. 1, or the Appeal Secretary, Westminster Hospital, S.W. 1.

The new electric totalisator recently demonstrated at Thirsk Racecourse is fitted with Mazda lamps. The indicator of the new totalisator which has been standardised by the Racecourse Betting Control Board is on the lamp monogram principle, each unit or numeral being formed from a bank of twenty-four Mazda lamps. There are six banks of lamps in line with the number of each horse, and seven banks for the respective totals "win" and "place." Every lamp is light-insulated from its neighbour, and is housed in a separated blackened compartment. The banks of lamps are surmounted by a blackened grille, with the result that illuminated figures are clearly visible in bright sunlight from a distance of over 150 yards, and from any angle up to 30 deg.



MISS FRANCES DAY

The American musical-comedy who made a welcome reappearance in London at the Hotel Splendide last week, and had a telling success.

CASTILLON

COGNAC

IS
BRANDY
AT ITS
VERY
BEST



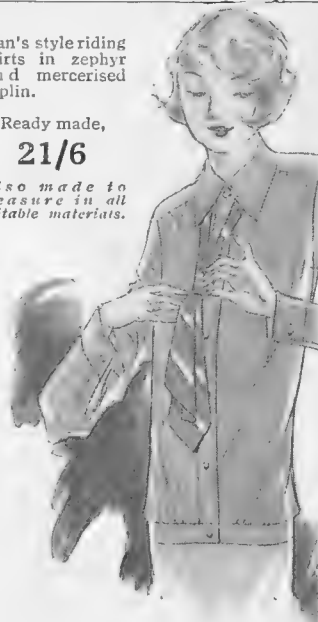
Willing

CUB

Man's styling riding
shirts in zephyr
and mercerised
poplin.

Ready made,
21/6

Also made to
measure in all
suitable materials.



THRESHERS INDIA GAUZE RIDING PANTS and VESTS

The underwear for riding. Being made of pure silk and wool it is lighter in weight and more comfortable than the ordinary woollen underwear, while giving the necessary warmth.

Vests, from 14/6 Riding Pants, from 18/6

Sample garments sent on approval.

THRESHERS
5 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

KINMEL SCHOOL

The New English Public School for Boys

Opened in September, 1929—available for boys from 13.

For Commerce, Engineering and Agriculture, where vocational training is combined with the best Public School tradition.

Chairman of the Governors: LORD TEYNHAM.
Headmaster: Mr. R. A. GORDON CANE, B.Sc.

The boys are housed in a modern Mansion of more than 100 rooms, 400 feet above sea level, in its park of 300 acres overlooking the sea, the Welsh mountains and the lovely Clwyd Valley.

Bracing climate. Every modern convenience has been installed, including hot and cold shower baths; all Cooking and Lighting by Electricity.

Boxing, Rugby, Football, Hockey, Cricket, etc. Vacancies are available for Summer and succeeding terms.

Fees: 120 Guineas per annum inclusive. To be raised to 150 Guineas for all entries made after May, 1930.

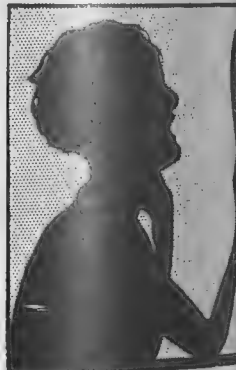
For particulars and prospectus apply to—
The Headmaster, Kinmel School, Denbighshire.

Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

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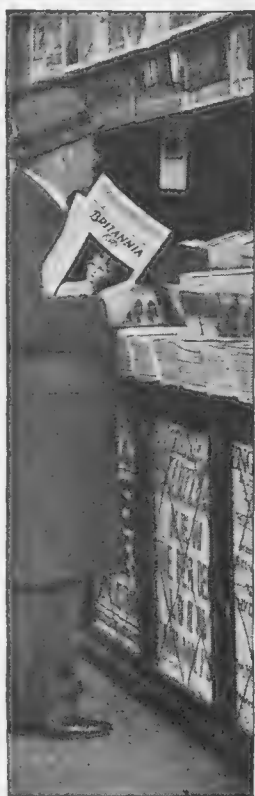
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IN THE MARCH ISSUE

"GETHSEMANE" by Dean Eltham
"DANGER" by May Edginton
"I AM GLAD THAT I AM GROWING OLDER!" by
Lady Drummond Hay
"HOLLYWOOD... FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
"GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
"MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS" by Lord
Birkenhead
"TOUTING" by May Edginton
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"MEIN SCHATZ" by Geoffrey Moss
"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
"FRENCH, GERMAN AND DANISH NOVELS—AND AN
ENGLISH ONE" by Arnold Palmer
"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by
Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED... IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt.
Hon. Sir William Bull
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," painted by F.
Matania, R.I.
THE FUN FAIR
"FOUR SPRING RECIPES" by Catherine Ives
"CASSEROLE COOKERY" by Catherine Ives
"THE DESERTED CITY" by Cosmo Hamilton
"FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
"I'M A DREAMER AREN'T WE ALL?"

A TELEGRAM FROM PARIS ON THE LATEST FASHIONS
THREE PRACTICAL STYLES FOR SPRING DAYS
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT IN THE NURSERY
"MONOGRAMS" by Marion Dorn
"FLOORS AND CEILINGS" by Grace Lovat Fraser
"THE GLASS AGE" by Wilma Bernhard
"GADGETS"
"THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER... IN PARIS" by
Mary Pandos
AN ATTRACTIVE COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING
PATTERNED TWEEDS ARE CORRECT FOR MORNING
WEAR
THREE NEW VERSIONS OF THE AFTERNOON GOWN
SOME NEW IDEAS ON THE NECKLINE
MODERN QUILTS OF TRADITIONAL DESIGN
"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
"THIS QUESTION OF REDUCING" by Margaret Gaye
"HOCKEY SPORTS" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON TOURNAMENT PLAY" by Alice M. Cocke
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION by Eleanor E. Helme
THE "EVE" GOLF COMPETITIONS
"NEW LEGS FOR OLD"
"VENUS RISES AGAIN FROM THE FOAM" by "Chrysis"
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE" by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall
"MY MONTH ON THE GRAMOPHONE" by James
Agate



In "DANGER" by May Edginton
Mary Dancer was playing with fire... the blazing fire of
passion... with the fierce, burning flame of her maternal
love. Which of the three men did she want?... What did
she value most in the world?



In the monthly topic for discussion—
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
Who has not suffered from ice in the spine...?
What Englishman has not pretended to be Irish
or even Scotch when he beholds the amazing
antics of his countrymen abroad?

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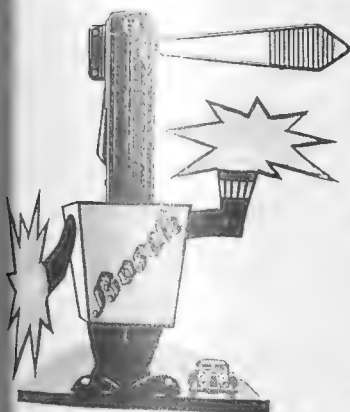
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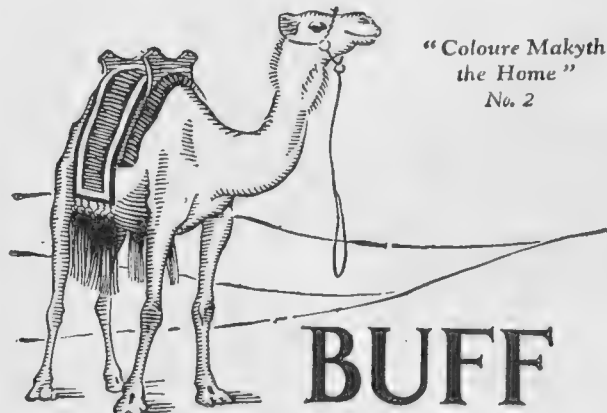


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Heralds of Spring



'Country Cottage' cluster
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Blossoms, Primroses and
Violets. (A.F. 55) ... 17/6



Hand-painted French Glass Bowl of
White or Mauve Lilac and Apple
Blossom. (A.F. 53) ... £3.3.0
Lilac ... per spray 2/11
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Devon Pottery Jug of colourful
Marigolds and Wallflowers.
(A.F. 60) ... 12/9



Devon Bowl of Primroses and
Violets. (A.F. 56) ... 8/6

SPRING Flowers, joyous forerunners of sunny days—with what delight we greet them, yet how quickly do these first timid blossoms droop and fade.

The illustrations on this page show Spring flowers, fadeless flowers, fresh and colourful: so skilfully and carefully executed as to be almost indistinguishable from their exquisite originals. So natural are they that it is difficult indeed to realise that they have not just been growing in a sunny garden.

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Artificial Flowers—Ground Floor.

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Pottery Bowl containing
eleven Tulips moulded in
Glass, in Yellow, Orange,
Red, White, Pink or Mauve.
(A.F. 57) ... 12/6



(Left.) Half-opened Pannier
of Primroses.
(A.F. 58) ... 12/9



(Right.) Devon Pottery Jug
filled with very natural
Nasturtiums. (A.F. 54) 9/6



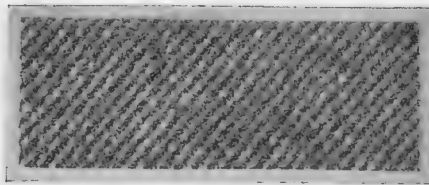
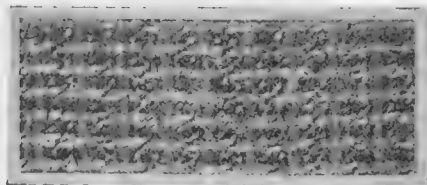
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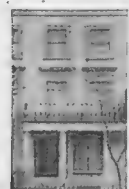
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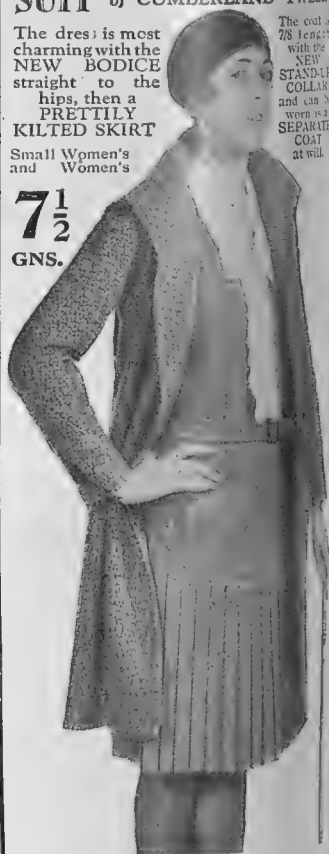
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(Oval, centre.) E 426.—Smart Hat in Canvas Straw and Felt. In Several good colours. Head sizes: 22 ins., 22½ ins. - 2 Gns.

(On left) OPHELIA. — An effective Gown of Cripe-de-Chine in small spot design, finished with Jabot and vest of Ivory Georgette. Lined with Jap Silk. Several sizes in 7½ Gns. Black and Navy - 7½ Gns.



(Above.) MODEL B 998.—A distinctive Coat in Tweeds, trimmed with cape-collar of Nutria-dyed Labin and inlets of self material. Lined Cripe-de-Chine - 12 Gns.



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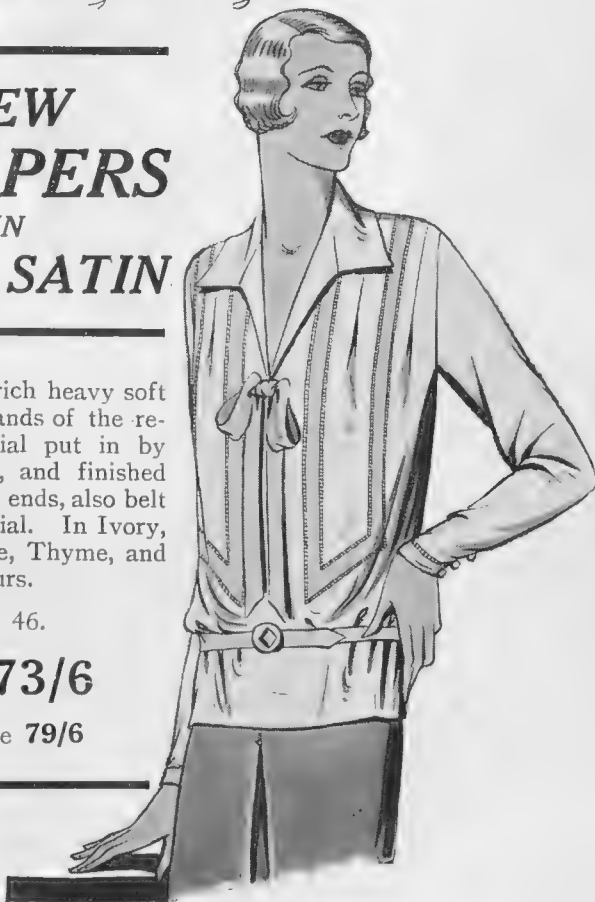
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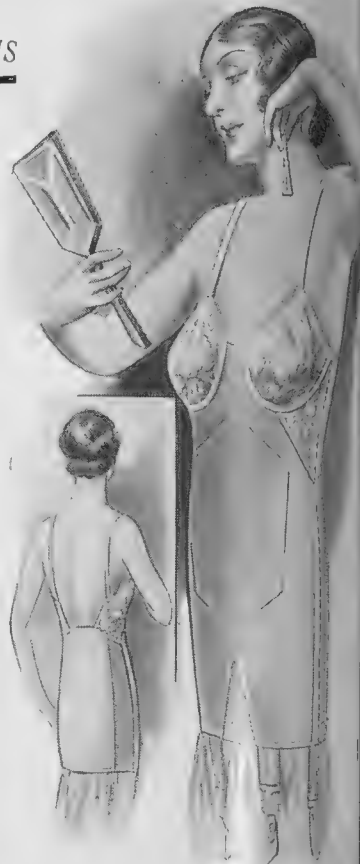
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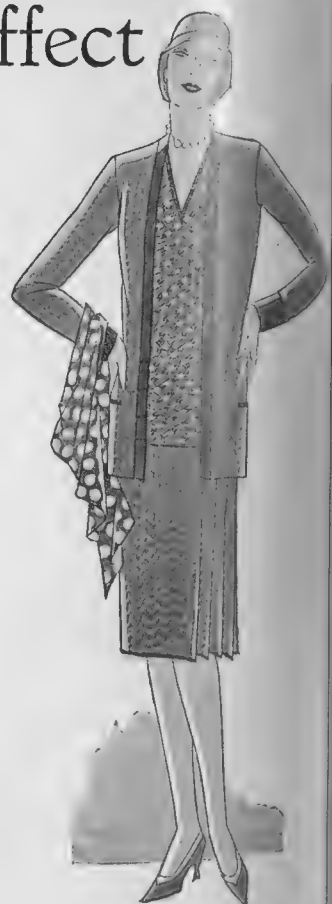
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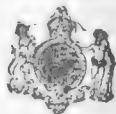
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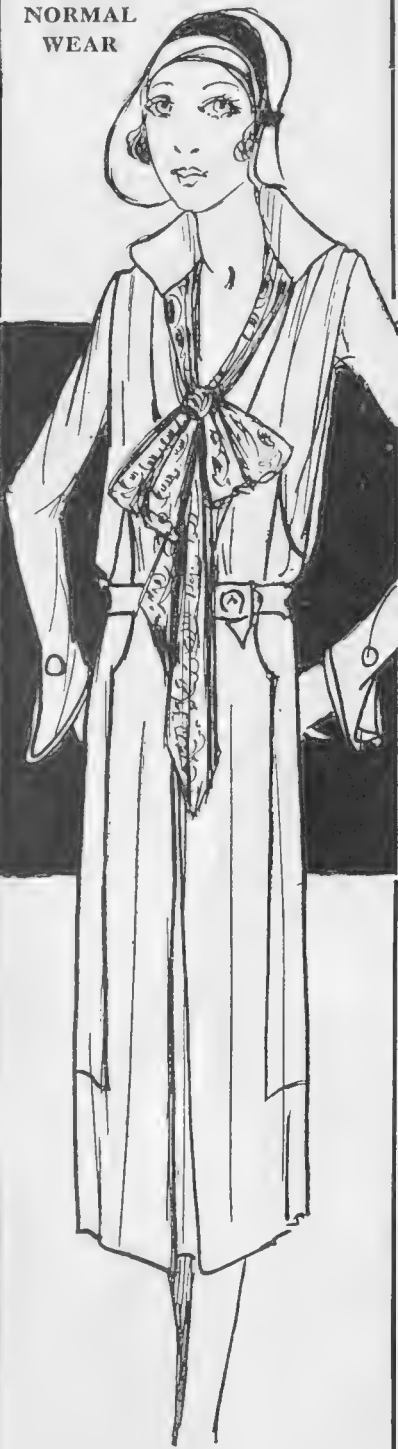
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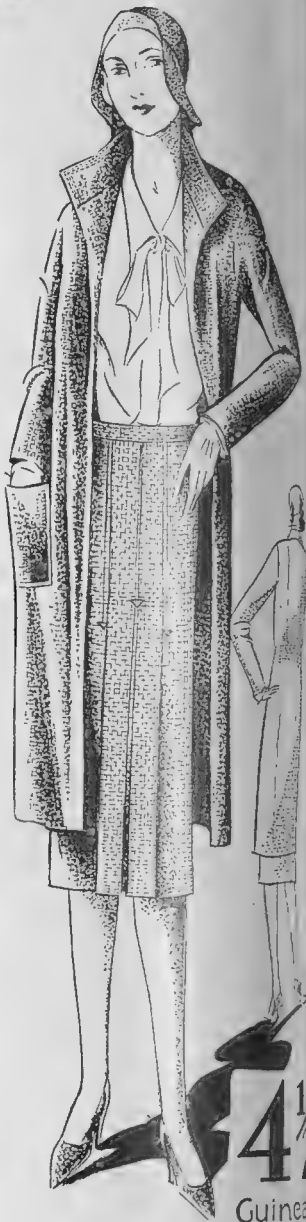
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Pleasingly distinctive is the personality of this jumper of checked taffeta, with its novel pleated frills and ruff-like collar. The graceful skirt of black velvet completes an ensemble in which the wearer can be confident of her originality. It is made by Asprey's of Bond Street. Price 12½ guineas.

Asprey
Bond St.
London

Fenwick
OF BOND STREET
(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)



4½
Guineas

FOR EARLY SPRING
An up-to-the moment

TWEED ENSEMBLE

THE THREE-QUARTER LENGTH
COAT OF GAY-COLOURED
TWEED, ACCOMPANIED BY A
TRIMLY TAILORED SKIRT, IS
ALREADY ESTABLISHED AS A
FAVOURITE SPRING MODE.

The Suit sketched has a
slightly-fitting Coat, lined
throughout, and the new,
longer Skirt. Willowleaf
Green, Pencil Blue and
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Small Women's and Very
Small Women's fittings.
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FENWICK, LADIES' TAILORS
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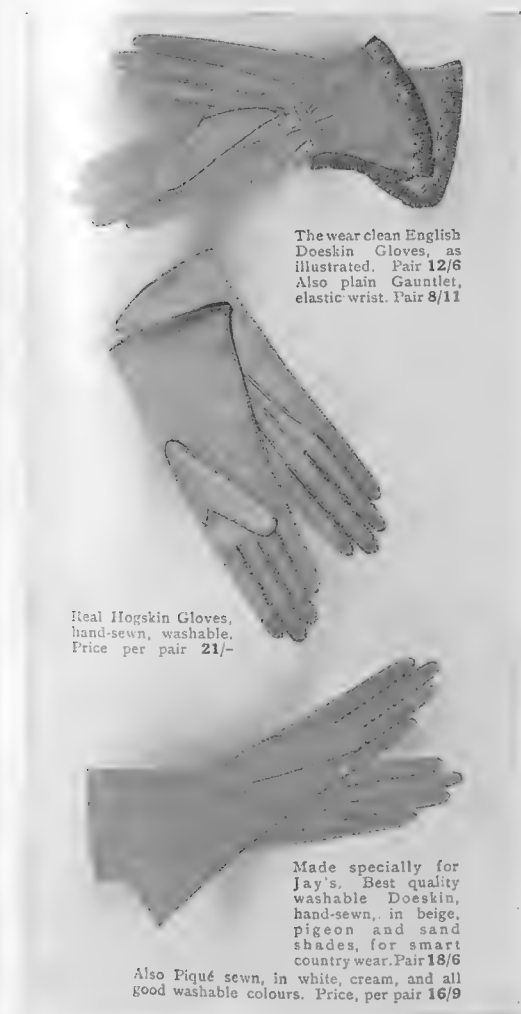
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for Indoor Rinks



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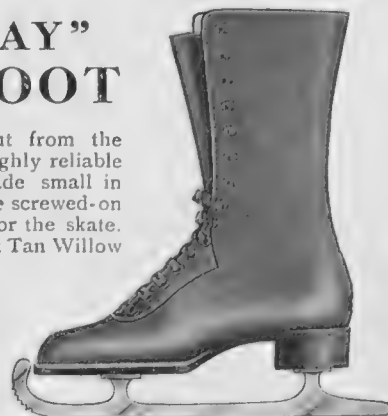
THE "IDEAL." This smart Skating Dress of newest design is made in fine Galashiels Tweed. The full circular skirt is gored to allow ample width for movement. The bodice is finished with an inset collar of Crêpe de Chine to tone. Colours: Green, Blue, Brown and Red. Stock size

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KNICKERS to match, 25/6

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Made by expert craftsmen and cut from the finest Box Calf, this boot is thoroughly reliable and absolutely practical. It is made small in the heel, ensuring a perfect fit. The screwed-on heel ensures a perfectly rigid grip for the skate. This boot can also be supplied in best Tan Willow Calf. Sizes and half sizes 3 to 8.



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Sent on approval.

jeanne for smart Maternity Models



The skirt of this smartly tailored Chiffon Tweed Coat-frock is made with inset godets. It is neatly belted and finished with collar and flower to tone or contrast. In attractive colourings.

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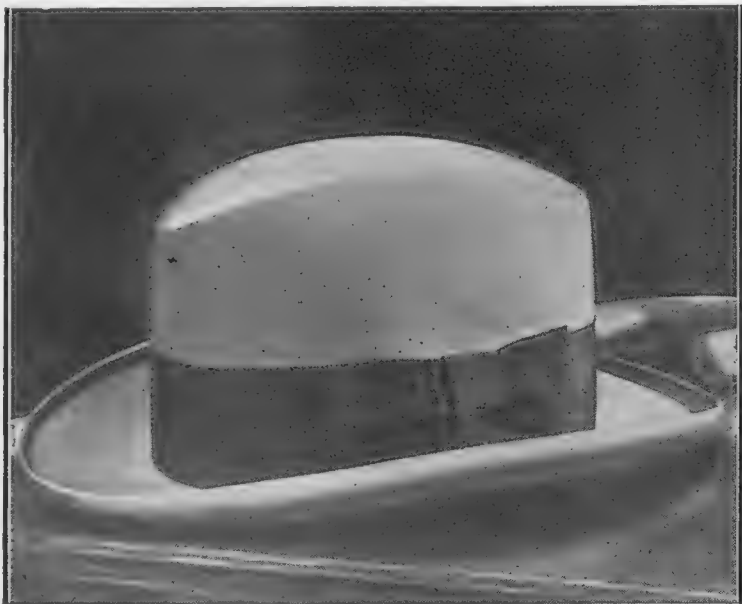
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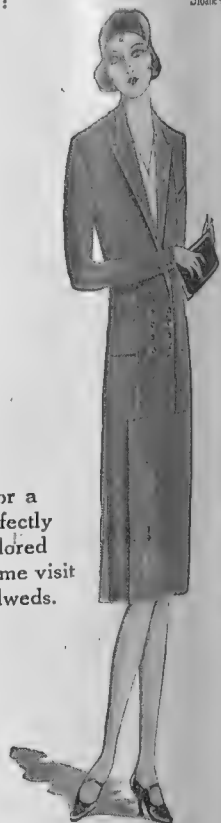
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Specialists in Classical Tailor-made

This is a typical Vogue illustration, because it not only shows a very smart hat, but tells exactly how it should be worn—with softly arranged hair to harmonise with the feminine note in the new mode. The turban is from Maria Guy, of pleated black satin, caught up in front by a half-circle of crystal and exotic wood: and Vogue completes its service to the reader by telling where this Paris model can be bought in England.



Copyright

VOGUE

Shows you the new Spring hats

● Hats make or break your appearance. In the current issue Vogue pictures all the right ones for the longer-skirted mode and longer-haired coiffure of 1930.

To brim or not to brim, that is the question. Vogue answers it both ways, to suit all types of wearers. You'll see the new wider hats, with draped brims. You'll see the little hats which apparently cannot die, from diminutive berets to sophisticated turbans. You'll see Agnes's amusing idea of 'brother and sister hats,' cut alike, but one with the brim folded up all the way round and the other with its brim sloping.

You'll see the shallow crown, the bow or tie over one ear, all the fascinating new materials such as tweed-like straw and fine Javanese gauze straw and the infinite varieties of fabric now fashionable—tweed, woollens, satin, silk, tussore, cashmere . . .

● Not only what hats to wear, but how to wear them—which straws are permissible with fur, exotic straws for your exotic silk dress, how much hair may now be shown (and please not too much!) . . . In the next few weeks you'll be spending many guineas on your new hats. Consider then that one shilling invested

in this Vogue will insure the success of all of them . . . And though Paris puts hats first in the mode, the other secrets of spring are now being revealed. This issue shows blouses, gloves, scarfs, furs, jewels, flowers, coiffures from Paris: new shoes from London and an inexpensive wardrobe from one of our big stores: introduces a new feature, "Value in the Shops": helpfully budgets your Spring expenditure for a moderate dress allowance: and triumphantly completes the number with the latest Vogue Pattern designs.

● For the modern woman's other interests there are "English and Irish Gardens," by Lady Ankaret Jackson: "Modern Furniture is not Dear": "The Life of a Tennis Star," by one of the brightest of them: society, the stage, motors, aviation . . . Yes, it's out now. A shilling. Where's the nearest newsagent!

Spring Millinery Number

On Sale now

VOGUE 1/-

First Stays –
then Corsets –
and NOW –



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The Model shown is FITU No. 4244

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ILLUSTRATED above is the chrysanthemum appliqué curtain in two contrasting shades. The Siesta all-hair double sprung wing easy chair, with Loose Cover in cretonne to match appliqué. Patterns and prices for special schemes on application.

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Showrooms first floor.



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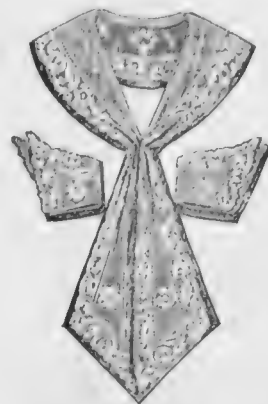
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LG 24-326

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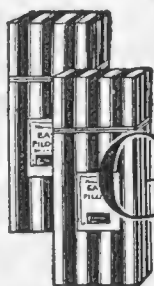
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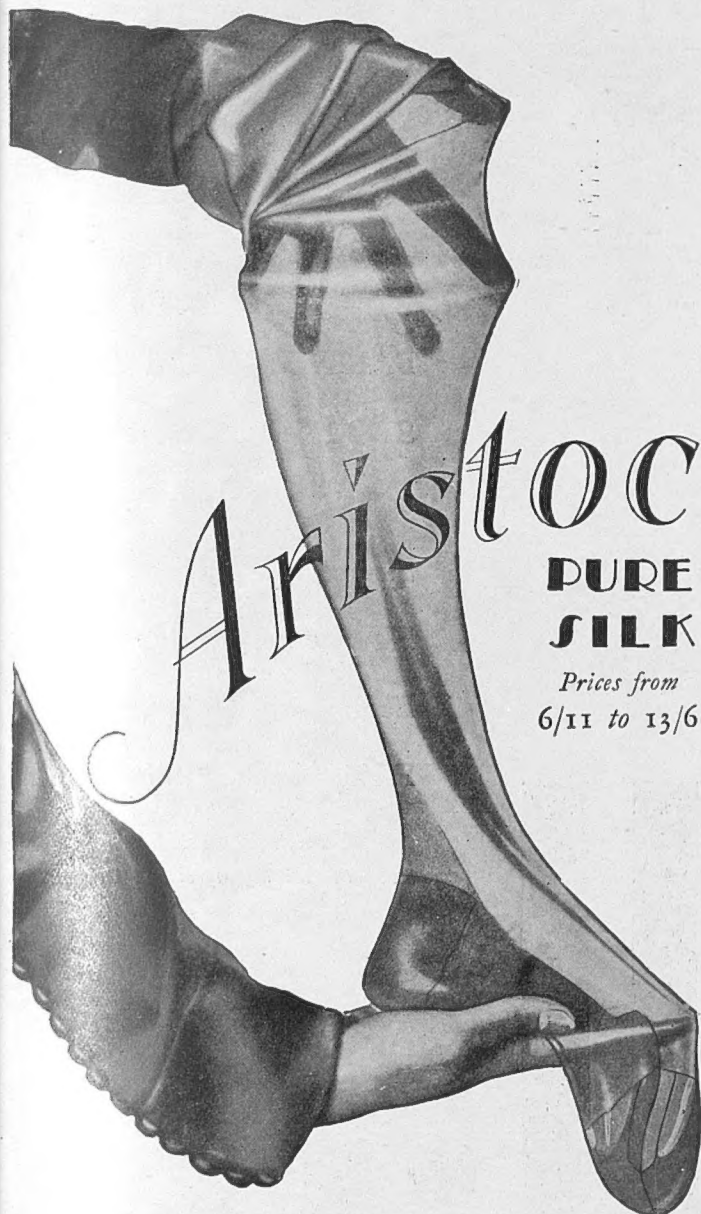
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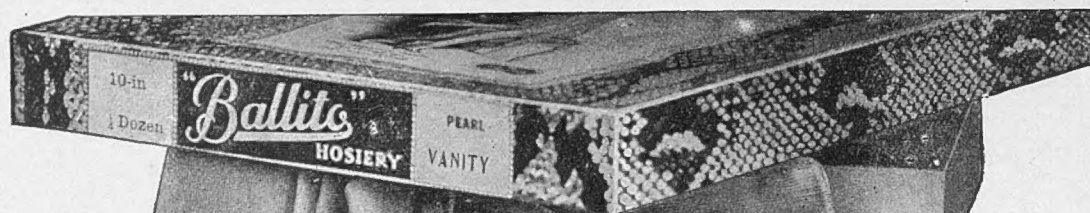


BY APPOINTMENT

JAY'S Ltd.
REGENT STREET,
W.1.



A low crown closely moulds the head in this bonnet-shaped model from the house of "Descat." An important feature is the brim, which is of quite unusual design.



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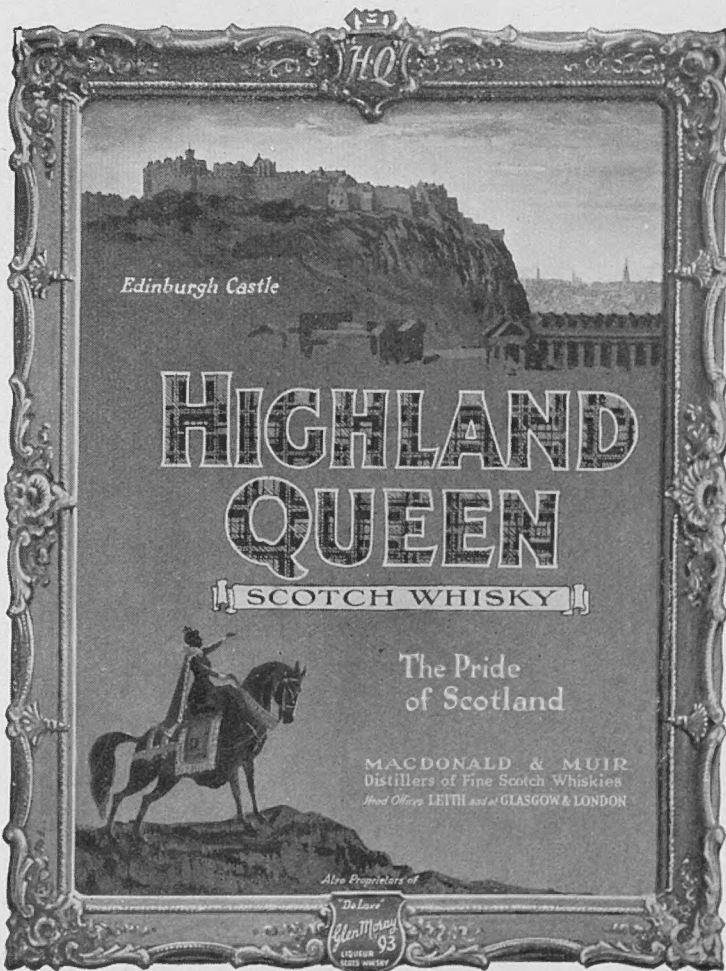
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